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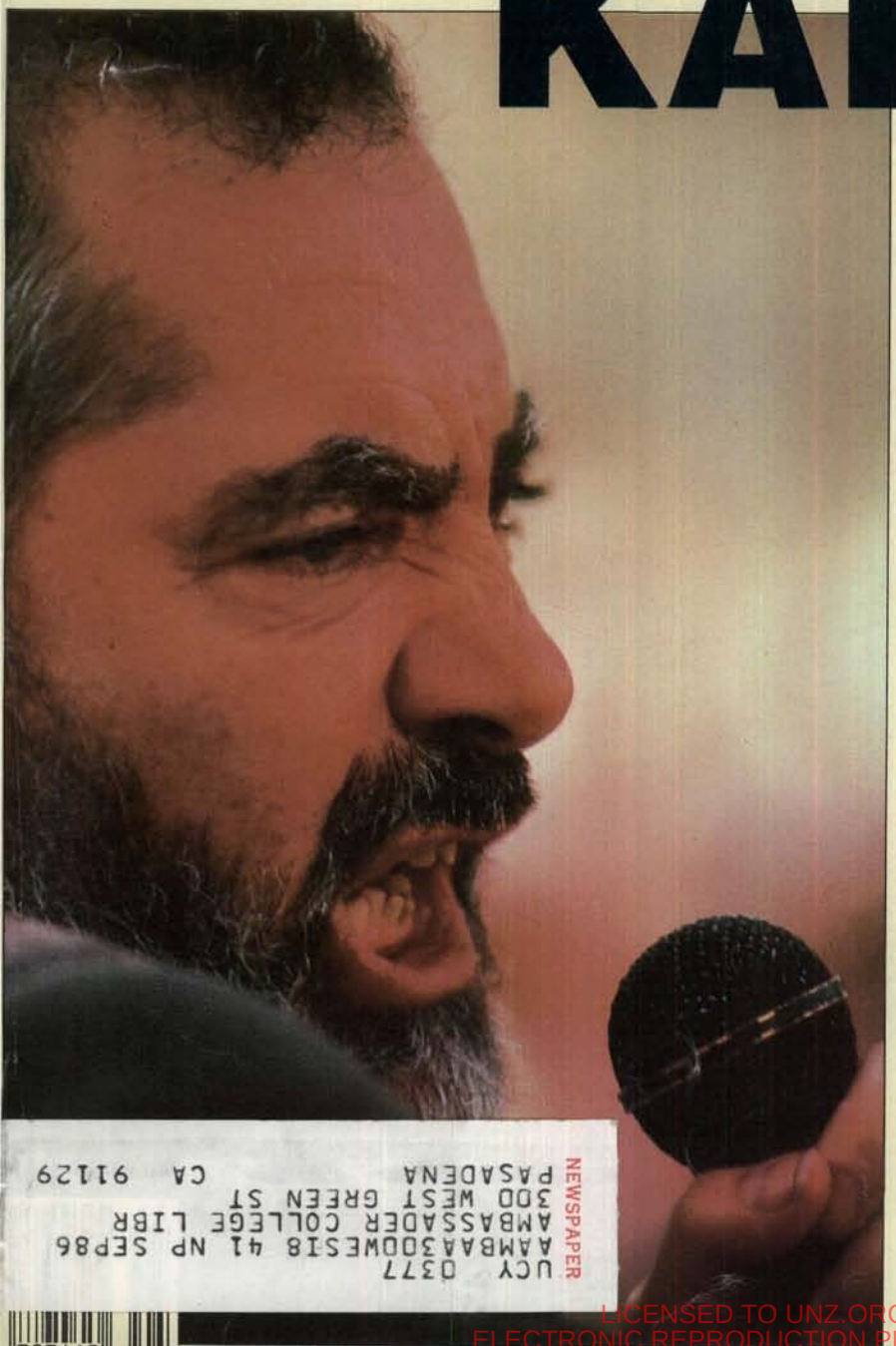

The making of a Jewish monster

by Leon Wieseltier

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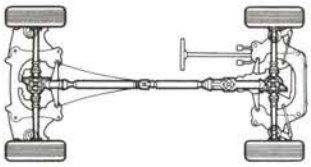

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FROM WASHINGTON

MEGABUCKS 1985

This is the season when *Forbes* magazine publishes its annual list of the 400 richest people in America, and once again I didn't see your name there. Been sloughing off, have we? Oh well, maybe next year. Although it's only four years old, the *Forbes* 400 is already almost an American tradition. This brilliant marketing stroke by Malcolm Forbes is an example of American capitalism at its most creative: enriching yourself by inventing something people didn't even know they wanted and convincing them that they can't do without it. From TNR's humble viewpoint, the issue is bloated with ads: 412 pages, up from a svelte 282 a year ago.

Malcolm Forbes offers his traditional homily about the true meaning of his list. "Sure, it's fodder for the anticapitalist rhetoricians," he barks. "But . . . making it onto this list is the Brass Ring out there for the entrepreneurial free enterprisers who spark the economy of this country." You don't have to be an anticapitalist, though, to challenge the double premise that everyone who gets rich in America does so through hard work that contributes to the economy as a whole.

Two years ago this column calculated that of the 1983 *Forbes* 400, if you subtracted those who acquired their fortunes primarily through inheritance, those who got there through the passive holding (as opposed to the active developing) of land and energy resources, those who merely shuffled paper assets, and those who were enriched by getting valuable government franchises (broadcast licenses, defense contracts), you were left with approximately 59 whose life stories were suitable for inclusion in a patriotic reverie by President Reagan. Nothing in this year's list suggests any dramatic change.

You'll be sorry to hear that this was only a mediocre year for the superrich. *Forbes* calculates that its 400 are worth a total of $134 billion this year. That's up $42 billion—almost half—from the beginning of the exercise three years ago, but up only nine billion dollars from last year. This year's increase of 7.2 percent is just about exactly the same as the rate at which the economy as a whole expanded during the same period. That means that if *Forbes* is correct, the 400 richest people have neither increased nor decreased their total share of the economy since September 1984. I guess they've been working no harder than the rest of us.

Of course the membership in this club changes. *Forbes* says that this year's turnover of 64 people, or 16 percent, demonstrates the rough-and-tumble nature of American success. Perhaps, although about a third of the 64 had been on the list in earlier years and only dropped off temporarily. Most of these seem to be the families of press barons—Annenbergs, Hearsts—enjoying the amazing explosion in prices of media properties.

Of the 42 genuine newcomers, I count 12 heirs and heiresses (including seven du Ponts and Senator John Heinz), and 11 whose fortunes come primarily from owning real estate. Sure, these realty barons have worked hard. But Harry Helmsley, the only real estate billionaire (and, for his sins, husband of Leona, the self-styled hotel "queen"), says frankly about his fortune: "You don't have to do anything. You just have to sit. The values go up." Several of the new arrivals have commercial businesses, such as nursing homes and coffee shops, but what puts them in the megabucks class is the land underneath.

The early 1980s will someday be seen as a golden age of getting commercial real estate. Eleven out of 42 is 26 percent of the newcomers who made the list this way, compared to 18 percent of all those on the list a year ago. Is something funny going on? Yes. It's a little-remarked consequence of the 1981 tax act. The enormous "incentives" (that is, subsidies) for developing, buying, and owning real estate have simply been capitalized into higher prices for developed or developable properties. This folly also explains why, in cities across America, you can see construction cranes working away next to completed but empty office buildings with "space for lease" signs plastered all over them.

Probably the most famous new arrival is Norman Lear, the Hollywood producer and liberal activist, who bought an entertainment company for $25 million in 1981 and sold it this year for $485 million (and has the gall to be anti-Reagan). Other interesting additions include Mr. Kelly of Kelly Girls; Pincus Green, an associate of crooked financier Marc Rich who lives abroad to avoid pending tax and racketeering charges; and Arthur Sackler, the fabulous art philanthropist, whose collection apparently increases in value faster than he can give it away.

But where are the better mousetrap makers of American fable? Two modern legends, Steve Jobs and K. P. Hwang (who arrived from Korea with $50 in 1968 and got into computers), actually dropped off the list this year thanks to the semi-collapse of the semiconductor industry. So is the dream dead? Well, there is James Leroy Jaeger. In 1976 he was making $19,000 a year as an electrical engineer. But he had a vision. He saw a day when "everyone who liked fast cars could drive without fear." So (along with a partner he later bought out) he invented—yes—the radar detector. Now, by helping millions of citizens to break the law in peace, he is worth $175 million.

Somehow I don't think James Jaeger is going to feature in Reagan's next paean to the American Dream. Indeed, the pickings this year are slim. The most inspirational story I could find was that of Russell Berrie, who founded a company to make "fuzzy wuzzies" in his garage two decades ago and now sits atop a $180 million stuffed-animal empire. Unfortunately, Mr. Berrie seems to be a bit pinko. "We deal with warmth, affection, friendship and love," he told *Forbes*. "That's nicer than selling napalm."

But there is one man who found a way onto the list this year that is a novel twist on the American Dream. People all over the world dream of coming to America and getting rich. Rupert Murdoch got rich and came to America. This year he became a citizen, and therefore qualified for the *Forbes* 400. Unlike millions of others who long to become a rich American, he had no green card problem. Note to White House speechwriters: see what you can do with this one.

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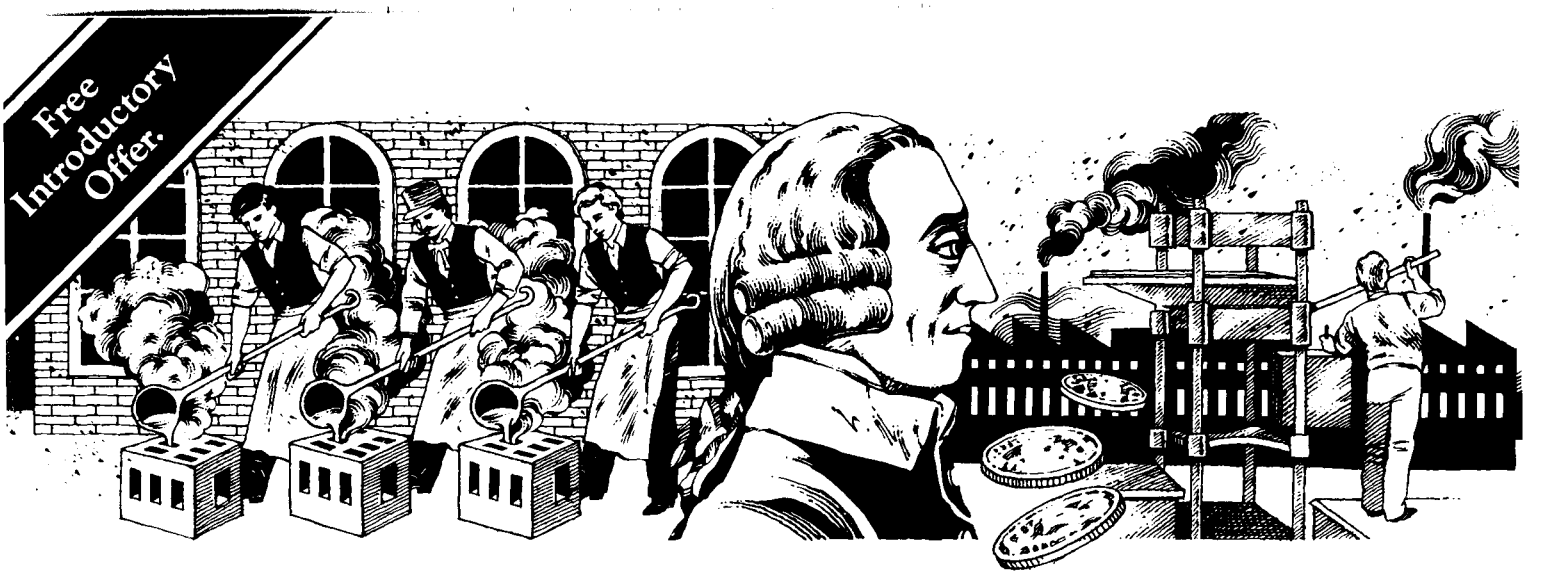

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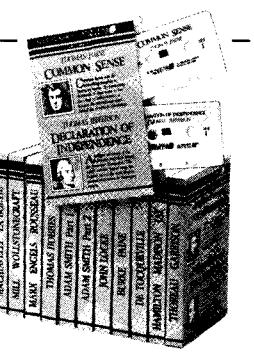

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BLACKS AND NEOCONS

To the editors:

Why the recent flurry of neoconservative concern for poor blacks' crises ("Beyond Civil Rights" by Glenn C. Loury, October 7)? Neoconservative analysts like Glenn Loury address these issues for their own Reaganite public policy purposes—purposes predicated on mean-spirited neo-Darwinian values, which consider it positively unnatural for the benefits of modern society to be distributed any other way than by the raw interplay of individual talent, group muscle, and institutional power. These neoconservative analysts have successfully shaped in the public policy corridors (though less so among American voters) a Reaganite mind-set—a gross insensitivity toward the weak and historically abused sectors of American life.

Thus, it is mere prattle that analysts like Glenn Loury are offering when pressing self-help strategies among poor blacks without provisions for a public policy component. This prattle reflects a shallow grasp of the grim legacy of racism in American life—that intricately calibrated pattern of constraints (from the 1880s to the 1960s) upon Afro-Americans' competitiveness (in jobs, investment opportunities, education, political participation, etc.), and that terrible psychic-trauma that racist capriciousness and violence visited upon the typical Afro-American. No other American ethnic group endured such constraints and psychic disarray, save American Indians. In contemporary times no other ethnic group's working class has faced black levels of unemployment: twice the national rates and still so despite the last several years of significant economic recovery.

Neoconservatives must clam up in regard to the self-help issue until they offer serious (albeit conservative) proposals for innovative public policy responses to the crisis of black unemployment, especially that of black youth—hovering around 40 percent. Research by Mary Jo Bane, formerly of the Harvard Kennedy School of Government and now an official in the New York State Department of Social Services, suggests that family disarray among poor blacks contributed little to black poverty in the late 1970s and early 1980s, since, according to Bane, had black family makeup in 1979 paralleled that in 1960 (about 15 percent female-headed), black poverty would have been 24 percent rather than 31 percent.

MARTIN KILSON
Department of Government
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

FOWL PLAY

To the editors:

My old acquaintance and military adversary, Orlando Cacciatore, is now making policy for the Italian government. We first met Cacciatore in battle during the 1943 campaign in the southern Tunisian desert, commanding a tank that had one speed forward and three in reverse. Later that year, we encountered him in Sicily, where he led his brigade of *Bersagliere*, with their plumed hats, giving rise to the riddle: What has feathers but is not a bird, runs very fast but is not a rabbit, and carries a gun but is not a soldier? The answer, of course, is a *Bersagliere*.

Then he turned up as the frogman whose diving suit was wet only on the inside. That was before he became Italy's premier kamikaze pilot, the one with a total of 50 missions (we used that one also as an intelligence test).

Now, as he bids a fond *arrivederci* to Mohammed Abbas, we find in the highest councils of his nation our old acquaintance, who once more has earned his nom de guerre of "Chicken" Cacciatore.

WESLEY JAYNES
Dallas, Texas

HEFNER, FLESHED OUT

To the editors:

Joseph Nocera's reviews of Russell Miller's *Bunny: The Real Story of Playboy* and Peter Bogdanovich's *The Killing of The Unicorn: Dorothy Stratten 1960-1980* were clearly not that at all but merely another low-road media hatchet job on Hugh Hefner and *Playboy* ("Man of the Mansion," October 14).

Whatever his eccentricities, Hugh Hefner and the company he founded deserve a more thoughtful analysis in your pages. Since Mr. Nocera didn't even get the most accessible of recent facts right (*Playboy* didn't "tear up the September issue to make room for nude shots of Madonna and avoid being scooped by *Penthouse*"—it was the other way around), I leave it to you and your readers to estimate how thorough he was in researching the rest of his article.

In the present state of affairs, I would suggest that Nocera's review was particularly inappropriate. The far right's 1985 version of Orwell's Anti-Sex League is exerting enormous pressure to keep *Playboy* magazine off the news racks—pressure the likes of which we haven't seen since the 1950s. Their quasi-governmental shenanigans have already cost our fledgling Playboy Channel thousands of subscribers. Do you really want to give aid and comfort to the likes of the Meese Commission's currently touring road show—with carefully prescreened, orchestrated, and programmed witnesses—on the evils of what their uptight psyches view as pornography? This new sexual McCarthyism also doesn't care much about such niceties as fair hearings and First Amendment rights. Try the House of Representatives' deletion of funds for the Library of Congress's very popular—seventh out of a field of 36—braille edition of *Playboy* (no pictorials were translated, by the way). These guys are not kidding around.

Would we all really like to go back to the stultified sexual morality of the 1940s and 1950s? I don't think so.

SID KALCHEIM
Vice President, Business Affairs
Playboy Video Corporation
Los Angeles, California

THANKS A TRILLION

To the editors:

I'm a "beginner," but I couldn't help noticing Gregory Fossedal's statement ("Sanctions for Beginners," October 21) that the Soviet Union subsidizes Cuba to the tune of "five billion dollars per day"—which comes to about one trillion eight hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year.

This makes our national debt, our annual deficit, and our defense outlays far less frightening. Or is the USSR really that rich?

S. VAN ORDEN
Perkins, Oklahoma

Editors' note: The correct figure is five million dollars per day.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
NOVEMBER 11, 1985

BREAKING EGGS

Mike Maynard is a California businessman who invented a machine that breaks eggs. He had sold 700 to restaurants and bakeries when he heard that Congress was about to pass a law against his Egg King. The House Agriculture Committee had inserted a clause into the farm bill to save the nation from Maynard's infernal contraption. What's wrong with the Egg King? The powerful egg-breaking industry doesn't like the idea of short-order cooks and bakers switching from its pre-broken liquid egg product and using cheaper, fresh eggs instead. Maynard sought help from his representative, Robert E. Badham, who rescued the Egg King with an amendment from the floor. Without the Badham amendment, his ingenious gizmo would have gone the way of most innovations that potentially benefit consumers but happen to offend a few farmers.

The reflex that nearly trashed the Egg King exemplifies the sentiment behind the farm bill the House passed last week. In its final form, the bill is a protectionist patchwork that represents everyone's special interest while defying the public interest. Intimidated by powerful farm interests, the House rejected intelligent amendments that would have begun weaning the dairy, sugar, peanut, wheat, corn, and tobacco industries from government handouts. Farmers are hoping that President Reagan can be pressured into signing the bill, which subsidizes overproduction, guarantees sales, and protects them from foreign competition. But it is grossly unfair to taxpayers and consumers.

As is now generally understood, the current "farm crisis" is not the result of droughts, floods, or cheap foreign imports. Many farmers took out large, speculative loans to acquire additional land and modern equipment in the late 1970s when interest rates and crop prices were high. In the last few years production has soared and crop prices have plummeted. The medium-size family farms that borrowed most heavily are having a tough time repaying their loans.

But even if the debts vanished, the basic problem of overproduction would remain. U.S. farmers grow far more than the nation can eat or sell elsewhere. Enormous federal subsidies and price supports, which will top $40 billion this year, protect farmers from the logic of supply and demand; those who would not be able to compete in a free market are encouraged to produce more instead of folding. The Department of Agriculture simply purchases a farmer's crop or hands him "deficiency payments" if he can't sell elsewhere for the target price Congress sets. The vast food reserves the government ends up owning don't feed the poor—some of the surplus sits in warehouses, and some is returned to other farmers as payment for not growing under the Payment-in-Kind program. PIK, which Reagan began in 1982 as an attempt to curb oversupply, pays farmers to let some or all of their land lie fallow.

Sugar subsidies are a prime example of why consumer lobbying groups objected to this year's farm bill. There are 11,000 sugar growers in the U.S. The government lends them 18 cents against every pound they produce. If the domestic price of sugar drops below 18 cents (it is currently over 20), the growers can forfeit their crop to the government instead of paying back the loans. To prevent a price drop and the resulting crop forfeiture, we keep out foreign sugar, which costs less than five cents a pound. The price of insuring colossal profits for our sugar growers is quadrupling the consumer cost of sugar and devastating the economies of desperately poor Caribbean countries.

Most people, including farmers, admit that too many are growing too much in America. The argument centers on what to do about it. The House bill would maintain the status quo, giving farmers enough of a handout to keep them all barely solvent. The Senate is now considering a bailout package that would cost at least ten billion dollars more. Congress is once again buying time for thousands of farmers who, heartless as it may sound, have become superfluous.

Although we understand that a free market forces some businesses to collapse while others prosper, the fog descends whenever anyone tries to apply the principle to "The Institution of the American Farm." This haze permits House Agriculture Committee chairman E. Kika de la Garza to argue that reforms must be accomplished "without sacrificing one single farmer." De la Garza presumably does not consider a tragedy to have occurred each time a corner grocer loses money or a fast-food restaurant folds.

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Senator Tom Harkin of Iowa stirs popular sentiment when he claims that "the heartland of America is dying." But in fact the number of family farms in the country is declining at about one-fifth the rate it did in the 1950s and 1960s.

The average full-time farmer has a net worth of nearly $800,000. His income tops $20,000 a year. Of those who make less than that farming, a majority make their real living doing something else. Others can be said to be making bad use of their enormous assets. Many of the same farmers who are squeaking by on subsidies could earn $50,000 a year by selling out and putting the cash in NOW accounts. Harkin and de la Garza argue that these farmers have a God-given right to work the land. But there is no reason why the urban poor should have to pay inflated prices for nutritional staples to finance a hobby that farmers can't make pay off.

There is some irony in the fact that Congress rushed on the farm bill, which will cost at least $35 billion next year, so it could consider the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings balanced budget plan, which proposes to slash about that amount yearly from the deficit. Neither effort is going to help farmers much. But using farm subsidy funds to reduce the deficit would bring down interest rates and temper the strength of the dollar overseas—reopening the world market to U.S. farmers. The Department of Agriculture estimates that if the vast network of federal handouts were terminated today, 20 percent of American farms would fold. This purge sounds extreme, but it is inevitable. The cost of letting the market restore a balance will be just as high if we support the production of too much food for another ten years.

The *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* recently made a study of what happened to 19 Minnesota farmers forced out of business in the last few years. The vast majority were glad to have quit farming. None had suffered a decline in income since quitting, nor had any gone on public assistance. Most simply found different jobs in their home communities: either raising crops on rented land, or doing something unrelated to farming. Losing a farm was not the end of the road for them—financially or personally.

Reagan has taken a generally clearheaded approach to the problem. "If spending more money on agriculture would solve the problem, we already would have solved it by now," Reagan pointed out in August. But Congress roundly denounced David Stockman's impressive proposal to phase out subsidies over five years. It seems unlikely that Reagan will follow through on his threat to veto whatever compromise bill the House and Senate finally work out. But the president should stick to his guns despite the considerable pressure that farm-state Republicans are now exerting on him.

It's time to tackle the unpopular task of getting farmers off the government dole. Restoring the free market in agriculture would benefit taxpayers, consumers, and the poor. Eventually it would restore dignity and income to farmers. Congress has been shirking this responsibility for years. It must face up to the fact that an intelligent agriculture policy will require breaking some eggs.

NOTEBOOK

□ WE ARE AT A HISTORIC CROSSROADS in social policy. The success of such programs as Head Start, Medicare, and, of course, Social Security has convinced all but the most troglodyte conservatives that the federal government should play an active role. But accumulating evidence about the dangerous side effects of welfare programs has given pause to all but the most unreflective liberals. This is a moment when minds across the political spectrum are open on the issue of how best to help the poor. The vacancy at the top of the Department of Health and Human Services, the primary government agency for helping the poor, offers the Reagan administration an important opportunity. William Bennett has shown at Education how a Cabinet secretaryship can be used as a bully pulpit. Whether you agree or disagree with his views, he has led an important debate and raised national awareness of educational issues. Of the candidates President Reagan is said to be considering for HHS, there is one who would perform a similar service for social policy: the Catholic writer and thinker Michael Novak. Novak is a rare combination of scholar and activist. *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism*, one of his many books, is one of the most original analyses of the liberal state. But he not only writes, he argues and he fights. He has undertaken the defense of these ideas in the most hostile territory: as the U.S. representative at Unesco, for example, and in other forums where liberation theology, not democratic capitalism, is in vogue. More recently, he has been running a study of social policy at the American Enterprise Institute. There could be no better head of the federal agency for social welfare than someone who vigorously defends capitalist dynamism and at the same time has a deep and genuine concern for the poor. What a Roman Catholic Democrat would do politically for the Republican party is obvious. But we are not in the business of giving realignment advice to Republicans. We *are* in the business of encouraging politics to be about ideas, and for that reason we can think of no better choice for HHS than Michael Novak.

□ FREE IDEA FOR SECRETARY NOVAK from Kim Davis, a NEW REPUBLIC reader in New York City: "Implement a program to arm unemployed city youths with Polaroid cameras, which would be used to take pictures of cars violating city ordinances such as double parking, blocking intersections, etc. The pictures would be used as evidence for citations. The revenues from the citations would then be used to pay the youths. Thus, jobs for the unemployed and fewer traffic violations."

□ TAX-REFORM WATCH: The House Ways and Means Committee has begun reviewing the details of tax reform. The omens are bad. First up for review was an obscure accounting loophole for the banking industry. President Reagan and Chairman Dan Rostenkowski proposed closing it, for a savings of $2.8 billion over five years. After due

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deliberation, the committee voted to expand it, at a cost of $4.8 billion. "Soon after the 17-13 vote," reports the *Wall Street Journal*, "shouts of 'We won! We won!' were heard from the cluster of bank lobbyists hovering outside the room. . . ." A majority of Democrats supported closing the loophole, but Republicans voted nine-to-one to expand it. The ostensible corporate tax rate is 46 percent. Thanks to loopholes, the average corporation actually pays 16.7 percent. Banks, which are especially coddled by the tax code, pay an average of 6.4 percent.

□ MAKES YOU WONDER: The *New York Times Book Review* (October 20) asked a group of successful business executives which books had inspired them in their climbs to the top. Roger Smith, chairman of General Motors, listed two works: *The Wealth of Nations* by Adam Smith (no relation) and *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* by Richard Bach, described as "a perfect companion to Smith's work."

How he learned to live with terrorism.

DUARTE'S BAD DEAL

THE RELEASE of the daughter of Salvadoran president José Napoleón Duarte, kidnapped by left-wing guerrillas a month ago, is growing more likely. Although negotiations have broken down several times, the essentials of a swap are in place. The guerrillas will free Ines Guadelupe Duarte Duran and 23 kidnapped small-town mayors in exchange for 22 guerrillas held by the government and safe passage to another country for around 100 badly injured guerrillas. The kidnapping has been portrayed by Duarte and the media as a prototypical test of a brave democrat by the forces of brute terrorism. The real lessons of the kidnapping are far more disturbing than these popular sentiments would lead us to believe.

Although many Americans prefer to ignore the fact, Duarte has backed down in the face of terrorist demands numerous times. Until the recent kidnapping, the demands on Duarte came exclusively from the right-wing terrorists and their sympathizers within the Salvadoran government. Their central demand: that Duarte not punish even one current or former Salvadoran military officer for crimes against unarmed democratic civilians. Duarte has consistently acquiesced to this demand. If he did not acquiesce, the Salvadoran military, even in its reformist incarnation, might not allow him the measure of power he wields today.

Thus reports that Duarte has lost support in the Salvadoran military for meeting the guerrillas' demands are ironically revealing. Concessions to right-wing terrorists enabled Duarte to reach power; similar concessions to left-wing terrorists now undermine him. When Duarte agreed to meet terrorist demands in order to regain his daughter, he was only acting exactly as he does in meeting terrorist demands in order to retain his position.

These are heretical thoughts. The Reagan administration, Congress, and the press have chosen to hail Duarte as one Third World leader who has proved it is possible to fend off extremists of the left and right with democratic methods. But in this celebration, Duarte's continuing accommodation with terrorists goes largely unexamined.

Duarte is eloquent and emphatic about getting rid of the killers in the Salvadoran armed forces. He was elected president in 1984 in part for his pledge to prosecute the country's most spectacular cases of political violence. This pledge was demanded by the substantial portion of his supporters who are on the democratic left. These supporters are members of labor unions such as the Popular Democratic Union, peasant cooperatives, and community groups. They understand why some Salvadorans have chosen armed rebellion. However, they are not Marxists, and they insist that change must come peacefully. Over the last five years, in the face of terrible government-condoned violence, they have persistently said that El Salvador deserves the rule of law.

IN 1984 they took Duarte at his word on terrorism. By mid-1985 they could see that, even with his new authority as president and his new international prestige, he would fail to fulfill his pledge.

One of the terrorist acts Duarte has promised to investigate is the assassination in February 1980 of Mario Zamora, El Salvador's attorney general. At the time Zamora (older brother of Reuben Zamora, who later became a civilian leader of the guerrilla movement) was attempting to find out what had happened to 300 political prisoners who were supposedly held by the government but who could not be located in any prison. For his efforts, Zamora was denounced on Salvadoran television by Roberto d'Aubuisson, then a rising star of the Salvadoran right. A few days later armed men broke into Zamora's home during a cocktail party and shot him in the face.

In a maneuver that would become characteristic, Duarte said that Christian Democrats should not respond to the killing by withdrawing from the civilian-military junta that then ruled the country. Indeed, he proposed himself as a replacement for another Christian Democrat in the junta who had resigned in protest. Today the Zamora case is no closer to resolution than it was the day it happened.

Duarte has proven similarly powerless in prosecuting the assassination of Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero. Like Cardinal Miguel Obando y Bravo in Nicaragua today, Romero denounced governmental repression for igniting violent resistance and civil war. Romero was killed by a single shot in the heart while saying Mass in a San Salvador chapel on March 23, 1980.

The Duarte government and the U.S. Embassy have a good deal of evidence linking d'Aubuisson to this killing. According to investigative reporters Craig Pyes and Laurie Becklund in the *Albuquerque Journal*, the embassy has eye-

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witness testimony from a military officer about a meeting at which d'Aubuisson and a dozen National Guardsmen drew straws for the right to do the killing. Six years later, the case is open but State Department officials admit there is little chance that anyone will be prosecuted for the killing.

The U.S. has never been impatient in its requests for justice in these cases. According to one State Department official, the administration thinks it is unfair to judge actions in the chaos of 1980-81 by the standards of 1985. "Extraordinary circumstances lead people to take extraordinary measures," this official suggested. "There are a lot of people in Salvador who won't ever go back to the ways of 1980." Of course, terrorists around the world could also plead "extraordinary circumstances" and would welcome such a generous exemption from U.S. hostility. In any case, Duarte's accommodation with terrorists goes beyond letting bygones be bygones.

Consider the Las Hojas massacre. Las Hojas is a village in western El Salvador where in early 1983 an Indian peasant cooperative won a court decision in a dispute with local landowners over grazing rights. Troops from the local military garrison then moved into the village on February 22, 1983, and took away at least 18 people. Like Leon Klinghoffer, the captives were shot in the head. Like Leon Klinghoffer, their crime was simply being who they were.

No one contends that there was any guerrilla activity anywhere near the village. Nor is there any dispute about who is responsible. The U.S. Embassy, the government's official Human Rights Commission, and U.S. human rights groups all came to the same conclusion. The massacre had been carried out under the direction of the garrison commander, an officer named Colonel Elmer Gonzalez Araujo. The only people charged so far in the massacre are ten young soldiers, and in August a Salvadoran court provisionally dismissed all charges against them.

Perhaps in the delicate balance of Salvadoran politics, it is too much to expect that Duarte could formally bring charges against the responsible officers. But he still might use his powers as commander in chief to dismiss Gonzalez Araujo for unbecoming conduct. Indeed, Gonzalez Araujo has even provided Duarte with a convenient excuse. Gonzalez Araujo was a member of the armed forces procurement commission. A Virginia firm that supplied the Salvadoran government with ammunition in 1983 is currently under federal investigation for allegedly paying as much as $450,000 in kickbacks to Gonzalez Araujo and other officers on the commission. Yet Duarte has not moved against him.

DUARTE'S good intentions, if not in question, are increasingly irrelevant. It makes little difference whether he lacks the ability to discipline men the United States government regards as murderers or whether he does not want to risk the consequences. Whichever is the case, his claim to have even begun reestablishing the rule of law in El Salvador is open to doubt.

Some will now argue that it is the kidnapping of Ines Duarte that makes it impossible to bring any of the right-wing terrorists to justice. This will likely be a rationale welcomed by the Salvadoran military. It should be recognized as the rationale of terrorists everywhere. Left-wing terrorism is always said to excuse right-wing terrorism—and vice versa.

Some will say that Duarte's situation is "complex," that short-term setbacks must be accepted for the long-term good. This argument too easily becomes an apologia for right-wing terror. What other terrorists anywhere in the world are put on such a leisurely schedule of reform? What Americans benignly see as the acceptance of a short-term setback can be seen—correctly—by Salvadoran officers as acquiescence in the long-term proposition that they have the right to kill anyone who gets out of line. And there is no reason why the people of countless villages like Las Hojas would not see it the same way.

Like the family of Mario Zamora, the colleagues of Archbishop Romero, and the survivors at Las Hojas, Duarte now knows something of the personal nightmare of being at the mercy of terrorists. Their suffering is at least equal to his. If Duarte has more in common with the victims of terrorism than with the perpetrators of terrorism, he will bring all his power to bear on bringing the assassins to justice. If this is completely beyond his power, we will know the truth about El Salvador's progress toward the rule of law.

JEFFERSON MORLEY

POSTCARD SWAZILAND

LOSING A FRIEND

THERE IS a pattern among modern African states: the longer revolution is postponed, the more radical it becomes. Nowhere is this pattern sharper than in southern Africa. In resisting the changes that swept across the continent in the 1960s, "white" Africa has become a classroom for communism. The persistent romantic dreams of a "Greater Portugal"—with Hemingwayesque sidewalk cafés, bullfights, and beaches—invited Soviet opportunism in Angola and Mozambique. The long-standing determination of Ian Smith and company to retain their splendid "burden" ruled out the kind of centrist black leadership in Zimbabwe that succeeded in Zambia, once Northern Rhodesia.

Yet as the bloodshed continues in South Africa, the foundations of "constructive engagement" remain intact. President Reagan and his Falwellian auxiliary pound a relentless drumbeat: kill trade with Pretoria and we destroy the forces of moderation. Broad-based sanctions "would not only be harmful to the black citizens there," Reagan insists, "they would also be harmful to the surrounding black countries." They would harm "the people we are trying to help."

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This don't-rock-the-Botha line ignores political reality. First, there is the increasing militancy of South Africa's urban blacks. Though denied the right to vote, they are not denied the right to talk to pollsters. A recent Gallup poll found they favored sanctions four to one. Second, far from protecting the surrounding black countries from radicalism, constructive engagement is fomenting it. The pot that is boiling red-hot and anti-American in the townships of Johannesburg, Durban, and Cape Town is spilling over into the black nations on the border. To a growing number of young Africans, the United States is not the far-off land of freedom and opportunity it once was, but the accessory to apartheid.

ONE FERTILE BED for such hostility is Swaziland, the black-ruled kingdom tucked between the eastern Transvaal and Mozambique. Like Botswana and Lesotho, this little country of beauty and peace was maintained by Great Britain as a "protectorate" for most of this century. The special status of these three countries in southern Africa (they had been under the jurisdiction of London, not Pretoria) allowed them to advance with other nations of the continent toward independent, black rule in the 1960s.

When I first went to Swaziland with the Peace Corps in December 1968, two months after independence, I was struck by its racial harmony. The people showed none of the revanchism that I would see in some other parts of modern Africa (Zanzibar, for example, denied Indians the right either to emigrate or to engage in commerce). The Swazis were glad to be rid of British rule, but there were few signs of bitterness. Their attitude toward Americans was even more benign. The arrival of our small contingent of teachers and other development workers was a cause for national celebration. We were accorded front-page coverage in the *Times of Swaziland*, a reception at the prime minister's residence, and front-row seats at a ceremonial dance in our honor. One Cabinet official greeted me with the glowing observation, "What an adventure it must be for you young people to come to Africa!" All those years of colonialism, and this man could still sense the magic that Africa held for someone who grew up in Philadelphia.

During my two-year stay, Swazi hospitality never faltered. The phrase "you American blokes" always concluded with some warm words about our easygoing band. We lacked the spit-and-polish of the old colonial service; what we possessed—or at least represented—was American know-how. After all, 1969 was the year of the moon landing. A few days after my arrival, someone offered me "congratulations on your space achievement." This was a country where Americans could arrive without a history of military or economic interference. Through Swazi eyes, we Americans—alone among "Europeans"—were innocent of such colonial baggage.

The Swazis were particularly keen on learning the secrets of American business. My job was to help local traders begin to challenge the awesome commercial networks of the Indian merchants across the border in South Africa. The government of Swaziland displayed the secular faith that is common to southern Africans of every race: the belief in America as the world's great success story. "Reach for the rich American taste," the ads for Gold Dollar cigarettes would beckon. "Things go better with Coke," the shortwave would blare in Zulu.

The positive view of America was particularly evident among the young people. I organized one-week "short courses" in business for Swazi traders at a local secondary school. Top students helped interpret for me and ran the projection equipment. (The United States Information Agency films were always the hit of the courses.) And they made the lessons in bookkeeping and simple marketing make sense to rural traders who were twice their age.

WHEN I returned to Swaziland recently for a USIA lecture tour, I found a country largely unchanged, with one significant exception: political attitudes. In 1970 most Swazis were apolitical not only about the region as a whole, but about their own government. "Politics" was a pejorative term, a synonym for those rare cases of antigovernment agitation. On my return, I met people enraged at the government of South Africa, and at the country they saw as its primary underwriter: the United States. One journalist quoted Zimbabwean prime minister Robert Mugabe's criticism of President Reagan for making removal of the Cuban troops from Angola a precondition for Namibian independence. For a Swazi to cite a Marxist leader of another country on a matter affecting a third country in southern Africa was a quantum leap in ideological and regional consciousness.

An afternoon at the combined University of Botswana, Lesotho, and Swaziland became a slugfest over U.S.-South African policy. Having listened to my opening statement on the lively debate in our country over policy toward the region, one student in the back of the lecture hall stood up and announced: "The first successful move against imperialism took place in 1917." Ignored in the discussion were the small successes of the Carter administration: the human rights push, Andrew Young's high-level advocacy, and the Lancaster House agreement on Rhodesia. Our country's role in this settlement was dismissed as something we were "forced to do . . . because it was too late to do anything else." Everything was viewed through the prism of economic determinism. "The whole of U.S. policy in Africa is dictated by economics," came the verdict from the back row.

The university students had come well coached on the fine points of anti-Americanism. When I cited America's dedication to free speech, someone cried, "What about Angela Davis?" When I mentioned Soviet repression in Eastern Europe, I was assaulted with a countercharge regarding, of all things, the Patco strike. "How can Reagan claim to support Solidarity if he fired those who went on strike?" When I asked the students' professor—a young, white South African—to explain the intense feelings of the student who had been doing most of the grilling, his answer was calm and direct. "He was in jail for a year in South Africa. He believes that Solidarity is a CIA plot."

Clearly time is not on our side in this region. The youth

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of Swaziland and its neighbors in the region are increasingly judging the United States not by our ideals but by our politics. No longer a ready audience to our words, they are an increasingly embittered witness to our deeds. As Americans talk and trade with the regime in Pretoria, the victims of that regime are listening to other voices.

CHRISTOPHER J. MATTHEWS

Christopher J. Matthews, administrative assistant to the speaker of the House, served with the first U.S. Peace Corps group sent to Swaziland in 1968.

The poor pay and rich ride.

SOCIAL SECURITY RIP-OFF

Social Security is 50 years old. Polls commissioned by the program's proponents show that over 90 percent of the American people support it, and consider it a success. Over 90 percent of us like springtime, too. But spring can't last. Neither can Social Security in its present form, no matter what the polls say.

A young black man in the South Bronx, working sporadically at minimum-wage jobs, earns too little to pay income tax. But he and his employer *do* have to pay a 14.1 percent Social Security tax, starting with his first dollar of earnings. This young black man has roughly a 50-50 chance of dying before he reaches age 65. Since Social Security is not a vested program, chances are he'll never get a penny in benefits from it. Far more likely to live past age 65 is a wealthy widow in an East Side luxury condominium. She gets back many times what she, her late husband, and their employers ever paid in Social Security taxes. The young man needs the money. She doesn't. She gets the welfare. He pays the taxes. There's something out of joint here.

A young woman in college, struggling to pay tuition with a part-time job, also earns too little to pay income tax. But she and her employer also have to pay a 14.1 percent Social Security tax, starting with her first dollar of earnings. In five years this young woman will be working. Maybe she'll be running her own business. If so, starting in 1990, she may have to pay as much as *$8,690.40 per year* in Social Security taxes. That's more than she'll probably pay in federal and state income taxes combined.

A typical recipient of this young woman's money might be her grandfather who lives on a golf course down in Florida. Suppose her grandfather is 78 years old, and started working when he was 18. For ten years, he paid no Social Security taxes. The next 13 years, he and his employer together paid just $780 over *13* years, or just *$60 per year*. By the time he retired, on January 1, 1972, at the age of 65, he and his employer had together paid a lifetime maximum of $8,234.20. That sum, covering a working span of 45 years and a taxpaying span of 35 years, is less than the young working woman—his granddaughter—may have to pay in Social Security taxes *every year of her life*. Adjust this for inflation, and we still find this working woman paying *30 times* what her grandfather paid at the same stage of life.

If the government were not doing the taxing and spending, would this family arrange an income transfer of this kind? Would this grandfather ever ask for—would he even accept—14 percent of the earnings of a struggling college student? Or an $8,690 check every year from a 25-year-old grandchild who may be raising small children or saving money to buy a house? Of course not. But that's what his government does.

This grandfather, like most senior citizens, is probably not aware of how Social Security is changing character over time. For him, it has been a fine program. Like most beneficiaries in their 70s and 80s, he's getting back three, five, even ten times what he paid in—even when compound interest is added to what he originally contributed.

This might be fine if these examples were atypical. It might be fine if elderly Americans, taken as a group, needed this much money—and if today's young working people could afford it. The common, media-reinforced impression of a senior citizen is that of a widow living on the edge of poverty, struggling to make ends meet. The common impression of a young person is that of a "yuppie" on the fast track, with big paychecks and expensive tastes.

Yes, there are many low-income elderly who need their Social Security checks to survive. Yes, there are affluent yuppies here and there. But let's talk about these generations as a group. Who is poor? Overwhelmingly, the young are poor. When federal benefits payments are factored in, the poverty rate for children is around 20 percent. Compare that with the poverty rate for senior citizens, which is just three percent. And who has spendable discretionary income (the amount after paying food, housing, taxes, medical expenses, and all other necessities)? Among households with money to spend, senior citizens have more per capita—$4,118—than any other age group. Young people aged 25 to 34 have $1,918, less than half as much, in per capita discretionary income.

IT'S TIME we told senior citizens the truth about Social Security and other retirement programs. It's time we told the widow in the East Side luxury condominium that she's getting what amounts to welfare at the expense of the low-wage worker in the South Bronx. It's time we reminded the grandfather on the Florida golf course that he's getting a far better deal than his granddaughter ever will.

How can we make these facts clear? We could start by printing two notations on every Social Security check: how much the beneficiary and his or her employer paid in Social Security taxes, over a lifetime. And how much the beneficiary has gotten back, to date, in benefits. That

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might make a few senior citizens think twice before writing their representative or senator demanding that every penny of their benefits be protected, no matter what is happening elsewhere in the economy.

Elected officials will not say this, but it must be said: the senior citizens' demands on federal taxpayers, on working Americans, their demands on their own children and grandchildren have grown far beyond what is fair and can reasonably be provided. America's elders are burdening their heirs with debts and unfunded liabilities that have reached dangerous proportions. In 1986 America will have a two-trillion-dollar national debt. On top of *that* debt must be piled seven trillion dollars in unfunded liabilities for Social Security and other federal retirement programs.

If Congress could muster the courage—which it won't—it would immediately stop the explosive growth in retirement programs. But even if it did, today's young taxpayers have reason to doubt they will ever be offered benefits nearly as generous as senior citizens now enjoy. Social Security is not a vested program. There is no trust fund, in the true sense of the word. This is just another tax-and-spend program, the biggest tax-and-spend program in the history of mankind. All that taxpayers get in return for their taxes is the promise that some future Congress will someday make a future generation of taxpayers pay enough taxes to support them. At some point, the chain will be broken. Taxpayers will reach the straining point. Promises will be violated.

You don't hear such forecasts coming out of the Social Security Administration, its actuaries, and its many friends in Congress. You don't hear such forecasts coming out of the White House. But take a close look at who the actuaries *are*. They're top Reagan administration officials, who are famous for rosy forecasts. And take a close look at the assumptions underlying the prognoses they make of good health and long life for Social Security.

Consider what the actuaries call their "optimistic" scenario. Under this scenario, today's young people would, on retirement, receive benefits matching present levels. Tomorrow's taxpayers would face only another ten percent increase above the 1990 tax levels. (Remember that the maximum tax in 1990 is already scheduled to be 50 percent above today's maximum.)

HERE ARE some of the conditions that have to be met to keep taxes from rising further. Productivity has to grow at a rate twice that of the 1970s. Workers' earnings have to increase annually at a rate two-and-a-half times that of the past 30 years. The unemployment rate has to fall by one-third, to five percent, and stay at that level. Interest rates have to fall by more than one-half, to five percent, and stay at that level. The labor force participation rate for women has to rise by 15 percent above the present rate—*and* their fertility rate has to rise by 30 percent above the present rate. Immigration must reach an annual rate matched in only one decade (1901 to 1910) of American history. Annual increases in life expectancy must slow to only one-fourth the rate of the past 50 years. Each of these conditions must not be met in one year, or over five or ten years, but throughout a *60-year* period. That's not just optimistic. It's not just highly unlikely. It's almost impossible.

Now take a look at what the actuaries call their "pessimistic" scenario. Under this scenario, today's young people could only reach benefits matching present levels if tomorrow's taxpayers are willing to endure a doubling of Social Security taxes around the year 2020, and a net tripling of these taxes around the year 2050. That would mean a combined employee-employer tax rate of 41 percent—above and beyond federal income taxes and state and local taxes.

For taxes to rise "only" that much, here are some of the conditions that have to be met, over the next 60 years. Productivity has to grow at a rate only 30 percent above that of the past decade. Worker earnings have to increase annually at a rate equaling that of the past 30 years, and greater than the rate of the past 15 years. The unemployment rate has to stay at seven percent. Nominal interest rates have to fall by one-third, to 6.5 percent. Labor force participation, fertility, and immigration rates must remain approximately where they are today. Life expectancy must improve slightly less than it has over the past 50 years.

The demographic assumptions seem reasonable—not optimistic, not pessimistic. The economic assumptions seem highly optimistic, but possible. But wait a minute. This isn't the "optimistic" scenario . . . it's supposed to be the "pessimistic" one. And even if these conditions are met, who can imagine that some future Congress would allow Social Security taxes to rise to 20 percent, much less 40 percent, of total payroll costs? That will never happen.

The official forecast the actuaries make—and the one that prompted the recent press reports of Social Security's "good health"—is midway between the two scenarios described above. That puts it somewhere on the spectrum between optimistic and impossible. And the tax increase it would require lies somewhere on the spectrum between very big and impossible.

So what does this mean? It means that today's young taxpayers—and certainly today's small children—will, at some point in their lives, see some Social Security promises broken. Maybe there will be a means test. Maybe benefits will be denied affluent retirees who, over their working lifetimes, will have paid as much as $300,000 in Social Security taxes. Maybe benefit levels will be cut across-the-board, pushing millions of future retirees below the poverty line.

The longer we wait, the more traumatic and expensive the Social Security crisis will be. The problem is all in the family. It's time we sat down—grandparent, parent, and child—and worked this thing out.

JAMES DALE DAVIDSON

James Dale Davidson is head of the National Taxpayers Union.

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The rise of Meir Kahane is a boon to Jew haters and Arab haters alike.

THE DEMONS OF THE JEWS

BY LEON WIESELTIER

"A SPECTER is haunting the Jewish world—Kahanism." So says Rabbi Meir Kahane to anybody who will listen. It is one of the very few true propositions that issue from the foul man's mouth. Upon the Jewish world he has been, in Israel and in the United States, for almost 20 years, a kind of curse with a return air ticket. There is a sickening fascination about his ideas and his commotions; they are the most definitive representations of the triumphalism and the intolerance that have accompanied, like a lengthening shadow, the achievements of the Jewish community. Kahane is the perfect product of the contemporary Jewish underside. He is a boorish and maddened little man, whose soul is merely the sum of its angers, who succeeds in the street because he belongs in the gutter, who cloaks a violent desire for power in the concepts of great religious traditions that he has a rare talent for twisting.

Until recently, Kahane was merely of sociological and psychological interest, a sinister sectarian within a Jewish world that could not have been expected to cope completely well with the many complications of its modern history. Alas, there is now a more pressing reason for bothering with him. He sits in the Parliament of Israel. For now, he sits alone, the member from Kach (which is best translated as "Thus!"); but a succession of polls in recent months makes his prospects impossible to ignore. In June, Israel's most respected polling service produced numbers that showed Kahane increasing his electoral popularity fivefold in new elections. (In the election of 1984 he improved his showing fivefold over the election of 1981, winning 1.2 percent of the popular vote.) In early August, 600 Israeli high school students were surveyed for their opinion of Kahane. Forty-two percent declared their support, and 11 percent promised their votes. In late August, another poll by the same service predicted 11 seats for Kach. In September the Israeli newspaper *Ma'ariv* conducted a survey that confirmed such a prediction.

All these studies concur that Kahane's new support comes at the expense of the right-wing parties, particularly Menachem Begin's Likud. But there is small solace in that. Kahane is a price that many on the right may be prepared to pay; with anywhere from five to 11 seats, Kach would almost certainly constitute the largest religious party in Israel. It is hard to imagine a Likud leadership that would not invite the demagogue into a coalition, if it required his membership to form a government. For one of the consequences of Kahanism, the smoother protestations of the Likud notwithstanding, will be the further radicalization of the Israeli right, precisely during the period of the Israeli right's ascendancy.

Among Meir Kahane's fantasies is the fantasy that he will be the prime minister of Israel (or, more exactly, the "king of Israel," as the mob that attends him likes to rant). About that there is no need to worry. Indeed, if the pragmatists in the Likud led by David Levy prevail over the rabble-rousers led by Ariel Sharon, even the worry about Kahane in a cabinet may be exaggerated. Of course, there is a kind of critic of Israel who will insist on such a worry. Kahane is a boon to those who hate Israelis and to those who hate Palestinians, to those who hate Jews and to those who hate Arabs. His political fortunes make many forms of prejudice suddenly seem plausible.

But Meir Kahane is not the real danger to Israel; he is the symptom of something that he did not sow and will not reap, the discharge of a deeper, and in some ways more disturbing, danger. He will not influence Israeli policy; but he will influence a political culture in Israel, the radical and frequently racist nationalism that is sedulously amassing strength, that may determine for many years to come the disposition of the occupied territories and the nature of the relations between Jews and Arabs on all of the west bank of the Jordan River. Almost more urgent than the question of Kahane's future, then, is the question of his past. How did this monster come to pass? What dark forces in the Jewish community, in Israel and in the United States, conspired to create the first Jew who may be properly compared to the Nazis (". . . the growing number of Jewish girls who date and sleep with and marry Arabs. Who easily bed the foreign laborers and foreign soldiers. The incredible pollution of the sacred Jewish seed. . .")? It is not only anxiety that this man should occasion among Jews. It is a reckoning.

I.

KAHANISM is really about rage, but it includes a few ideas, too. Like many extremists, Kahane likes to pretend that he is a mere creature of logic. Indeed, there is a logic. It is crude, and its conclusions are immoral and unacceptable, but it has a broken basis in reality. It goes something like this: Judaism is in contradiction to democracy. Zionism is in identity with Judaism. Zionism, therefore, is in contradiction to democracy. And so the Arabs

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within the boundaries of the Jewish state must be banished. Or, as he likes to say, "they must go." Sometimes Kahane delivers his proposal to punish tens of thousands of innocent people and permanently compromise Jewish honor as if it were only an obvious solution to an obvious problem. This is how it sounds in his mock-analytic voice, with which he learned a long time ago to mask the immense volume of hatred that impels him:

> There is an ultimately insoluble contradiction between a Jewish state of Israel that is the fulfillment of the 2,000-year-old Jewish-Zionist dream and a state in which Arabs and Jews possess equal rights—including the right of the Arabs democratically and peacefully to put an end to the Jewish state. Those who refuse the Arab that right but tell him he is equal think he is a fool. He is not. The Jews and Arabs of the Land of Israel ultimately cannot coexist in a Jewish-Zionist state. A time bomb in the Holy Land ticks away relentlessly. . . . The great Arab weapon in the battle against Jewish Israel is: babies. . . . Eventually the very majorityship of the Jews will be threatened by the Arab birthrate. . . . In this the "hawks" are as hapless as the doves: they have no answer for what to do with either the Arabs of Israel or the liberated lands. . . . If we hope to avoid this terrible result, there is only one path for us to take: the immediate transfer of the Arabs from Eretz Israel . . . to their own lands. . . . There is only one answer: separation, Jews in their land, Arabs in theirs. Separation. Only separation.

With the exception of Kahane's repugnant conclusion, there is much in this reasoning with which a sensible student of Israel can concur. Kahane is right: Israel may be destroyed demographically. A significant increase in the number of Arabs could take back the attainment of Zionism, which was to have created a state in which Jews are a majority, to which they could therefore flee fully confident of sanctuary. (Of course, it is not the political achievement of Zionism that Kahane seeks to secure, but the racial and religious exclusivity of the Jewish state.) This Israeli fear, moreover, is a Palestinian hope; I have heard Palestinian intellectuals in Nablus coolly contend that if their *fedayeen* will not bring about a "secular democratic state in Palestine," their fertility will. Time, they believe, is Palestinian.

AND SO TIME IS; but only if the occupied territories are annexed. The moral irony of the Israeli debate about the West Bank and Gaza is that the liberals, the doves, the traders of territory for peace, are the separatists; while the jingoists, the hawks, the believers in hallowed boundaries, may pose as the democrats. I say pose, because there can be no doubt that the annexers would invent one excuse after another to prevent the enfranchisement of the Palestinians. (Yuval Neeman, a major ideologist of Tehiya, a party to the right of the Likud, recently blurted out that the aim of annexation "is not the transformation of the Arab population into citizens of Israel . . . Israeli citizenship is to be awarded only in rare instances and after appropriate loyalty tests.") In the real world, then, the choice before Israel is not between a small Jewish state with a democracy and a large Jewish state with a democracy; it is between a small, democratic state with a Jewish majority or no Jewish state at all.

The essential point about a small state with a Jewish majority, however, is that it is entirely consistent with the democratic ideal. The test of the democratic ideal, after all, is the respect for minorities. There is no philosophical or political reason that an Arab minority cannot win such respect from a Jewish majority; indeed, in many critical ways it already has. What stands more and more in the way of such respect, on both sides, is rather the culture of nationalism itself, the discord between the idea of self-determination and the idea of minorities. The idea of self-determination projects a world in which (in the words of John Stuart Mill) "it is in general a necessary condition of free institutions that the boundaries of government should coincide in the main with those of nationalities," in which your social or political being cannot be realized except among your own. The idea of minorities, on the other hand, projects a world in which differences are erased by a single standard of citizenship, in which your social and political being can be realized among anybody. In the past century the idea of minorities has been generally bested by the idea of self-determination; groups have elected, sometimes for reasons of security but often for reasons of self-love, orders of political and cultural exclusiveness. As a Pakistani nationalist put it in 1947, "Good government is no substitute for self-government." The story of the relationship of nationalism to democracy is a sad one.

AMONG the achievements of the Jewish state was its more or less successful negotiation of that relationship. As nationalisms go, Zionism did very well. Arabs in Israel certainly enjoyed more of the legal and political blandishments of the liberal state than Arabs anywhere else in the Middle East. Still, there was a secret to Zionism's relative success in the matter of democracy. It enjoyed the luxury of easy numbers. The non-Jewish proportion of the Israeli population was never large enough to create a contradiction between the Jewishness of the state and the freedom of the state. But the Six Day War may have changed that—that is, if the territories are annexed, or allowed to remain perpetually under occupation. The successful defense of Israel in 1967 put it in the way of a great temptation; for the first time Jews would claim sovereignty over a number of Arabs large enough to challenge their legitimacy and their security.

Meir Kahane is correct. Zionism and democracy cannot coexist in Greater Israel. They can coexist, however, in Israel, in a state that improves significantly upon the 1967 borders without increasing significantly the Arab population within them—that cleaves, in short, to the principle of partition, which is still the only just and practical basis for a settlement between Israel and the Palestinians. Since it is impossible to argue against the justice of territorial compromise (except from the ideological grounds upon which Meir Kahane is battening), the argument against its practicality now abounds. Conor Cruise O'Brien, for example, has shown in gloomy detail in the October *Atlantic* the full magnitude of the difficulties that would face any imple-

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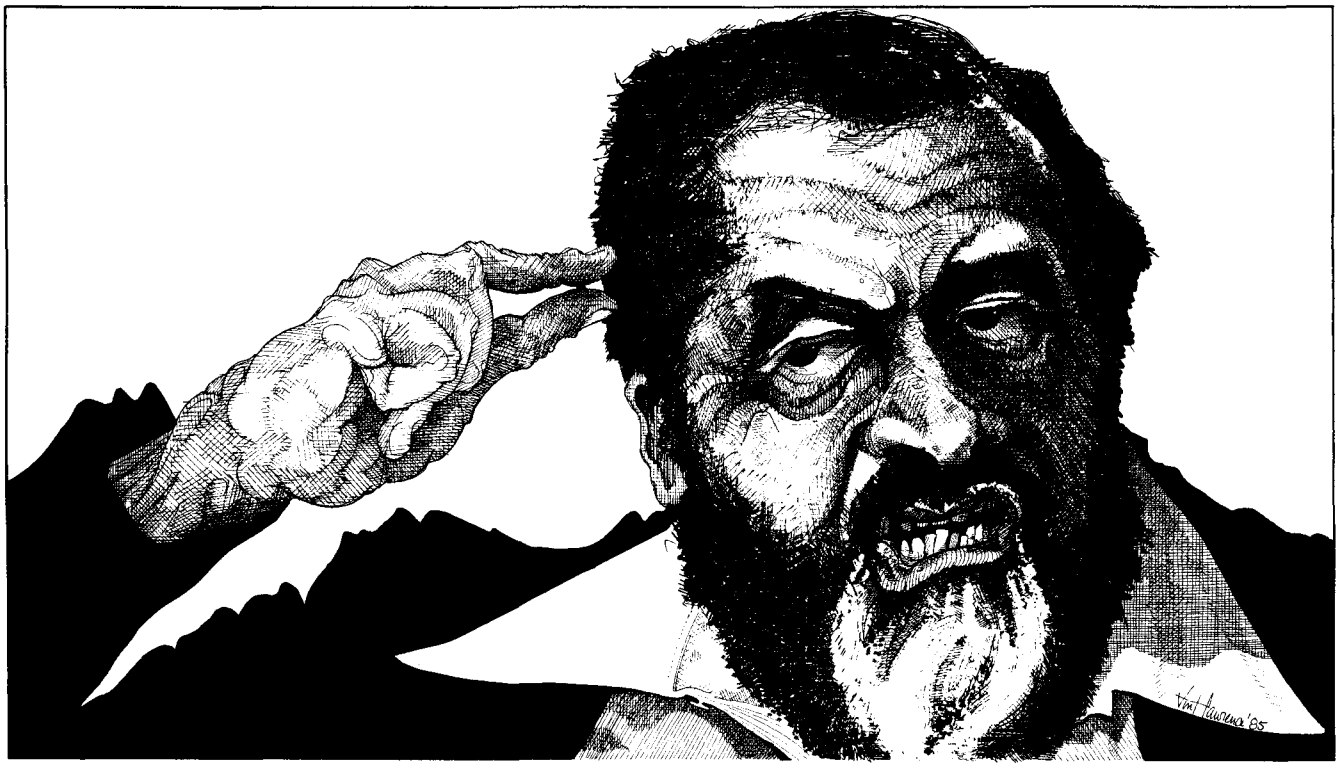

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

mentation of the Allon Plan, the Labor Party's long-standing design for territorial compromise. These difficulties, most of which still originate on the Arab side, are impossible to deny; but the difficult is not quite the impossible.

A look back at the first map of partition will prove the point. Drawn by the British, it was a preposterous map, and not only because of its parsimony toward the Jews. Its suggested solution for political chaos was geographical nonsense. Still, David Ben-Gurion had the wit, and the moral seriousness, to realize that, for a stateless people, geographical nonsense made historical sense. He swallowed some of his ideological purity and historical pride and ancient dreams, and shattered the unity of the national movement, and took for his miserable people what they could get (all of which the Palestinian leadership has yet to do). The second map of partition, some version of the Allon Plan that would release Israel from the densely populated regions of the West Bank that loom over its reason for being, will also be geographical nonsense. It will be dramatically complicated by the requirements of security in a world of high-technology war. And it will offer the Palestinians less than they feel they deserve and less than they could have won from the first map of partition. But the second map will represent not merely the least the Israelis can do for the Palestinians, but the least they can do for themselves. The other way lies Meir Kahane.

The rabid rabbi, of course, answers to a higher authority than the state. His charter in politics is God's promise to Abraham ("Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward. For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever . . ."). It is borders, not numbers, that exercise Kahane. The borders are not negotiable, because they are holy; and he who believes that the borders are holy must indeed be perplexed about the numbers, for he is asking for them. The fact is that there is an essential link between the religious reading of the occupied territories and the idea of expulsion. If Israel eventually absorbs the territories, the territories will eventually absorb Israel. Something, then, has to give. Since it cannot be the land, it will have to be the people who live on it. Kahane should give pause to all those ecstatic or romantic Jews who see only Shechem in Nablus, only Beth El in Ramallah, only the Bible on the West Bank; they must reflect upon the extent to which religion may contribute to the undoing of the state, because of all that it will forbid the state to do in its own interest.

Yet even Kahane's disquiet about the demographic threat is more than a little false. For Kahane, Zionism is antithetical to democracy even within the 1967 borders. No minority of Arabs has a place in the state. Most of Kahane's provocations have been directed at the Arabs of the Galilee, not at the Arabs of the West Bank. They *all* must go. The roots of Kahane's solution to the Arab question are twofold. First, there is racism, of a particularly virulent kind. Talking to Mike Wallace, the rabid rabbi will protest that he has no contempt for the Arab, that he understands the Arab's refusal to live under Jewish sovereignty, and therefore wishes that he will leave and flourish elsewhere; and he can write affectingly, in words that might have come from *The Journal of Palestine Studies*, that "the Arab of Israel can enjoy full religious and cultural freedoms, can say and write what he feels, can exercise political rights . . . just like a Jew. But to think that . . . is

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to fail to understand that not by bread alone does the Arab live, and that a man needs to dwell in and feel part of his own land. . . ." But this compassion is counterfeit. In the books and pamphlets that he has published over the years, contemptible contributions to the exceedingly slim genre of Jewish hate literature, Kahane's genuine feelings about Arabs emerge. They are "dogs" and "jackals," they "go into the Jewish night with money in their pockets seeking Jewish women," they are "a cancer . . . whose very presence in the Land . . . is abominable desecration," and so on. Kahane's writings on the Arabs are littered in particular with a pathetic sexual fear of them, which was expressed last year in his notorious proposal to make sexual relations between Jews and Arabs illegal in Israel.

But Kahane's hatred is not bounded by the Arab. Not merely the Arab, but the gentile, too, must be expelled. "Close the doors of the Holy Land to those gentiles unwilling to abide by its sanctity and who enter it with their luggage of abomination." Kahane admonishes Israel's government about the peace with Egypt that "the dogs of the gentile world, smelling the fear, will salivate in hunger for more concessions as their appetite is whetted." And among these "dogs" is the United States, which cannot be trusted. There a holocaust awaits the Jews; "it is a Divine decree." (One of the first institutions established by Kahane in Jerusalem was something called the Museum of the Future Holocaust. The man simply kindles to Jewish catastrophes.) Nor are even the Jews spared the rabbi's wanton wrath. Some of Kahane's most lurid passages are devoted to the Jews who oppose him; "a Jewish state rose from the crematoria not because we deserved it, but because the gentile did." Against Jews he has threatened all kinds of political and physical intimidation. "There are no allies," Kahane uncontrollably concludes.

THE OTHER ROOT of Kahane's readiness to throw the Arabs out of Israel is, alas, Judaism. "Kahanism is Judaism," he humbly says. In a sense, it is true. There is no such thing as a tolerant religion, and Judaism is no exception. It is indeed not democratic. Its texts are riddled with exclamations of exclusiveness, and with the odium of the other; there is much in the canon for Kahane to use. Still, here one must be very circumspect. For every rabbinic insistence upon Jewish superiority there is a rabbinic insistence upon Jewish justice.

For the last decade or so a war has raged in the religious community about the proper theological interpretation of the Jewish state; and there is an impressive array of arguments and exegeses that rule against racism and fanaticism and the refusal to make concessions for the sake of peace. Moses may have been commanded to destroy the Hittites and the Girgashites and the Amorites and the other peoples of Canaan ("thou shalt make no covenant with them, nor show mercy unto them": the verse in Deuteronomy is a favorite of religious annexationists, particularly for the Talmudic gloss that "you shall not give them a place of settlement on the soil"), but Abraham committed what we would call a territorial compromise for the sake of peace with Lot. Moreover, the rabbinic tradition is persistent in its softening of the harshness of the Bible toward "the nations of the world," particularly in its stubborn dissociation of all monotheists, Christian and Moslem, from the category of idolatry. But there is no trace of this in the fundamentalist exhortations of Kahane, who must have a usable Jewish past for fascism.

Still, a "dovish" construction of Israel's religious meaning may be as egregious as a "hawkish" construction, because Israel may have no religious meaning at all. To be sure, there is a thrill, even a bit of bliss, that a Jew must feel as he passes through the land. The Bible, after all, *is* broached by the West Bank; it is hard *not* to recall Jacob asleep under the stars in Beth El, dreaming of a ladder, and angels ascending and descending, as you come to Ramallah. The tradition of Labor Zionism is now paying dearly for pretending otherwise, for the shallow socialist anticlericalism that made it indifferent to this form of Jewish arousal.

There is nothing morally or politically objectionable about the love of the past or the imagination of the holy. But it comes from the land, not from the state; and it comes to the individual, not to the citizen. The state of Israel is not, in the canonical phrase of the religious nationalists, *reshit tsmikhat geulateynu*, the beginning of our redemption. It is a completely secular thing, created for a completely secular purpose, according to the completely secular conventions of modern politics. The government of Israel was not appointed by God (and the Chief Rabbinate of Israel was appointed by the British Mandate). The extension of sanctity to the state, in the form of myth or in the form of law, has been the source of many distortions of Israeli life, not least among them the view that the Palestinians are merely the new Hittites or the new Girgashites.

The mingling of religion with nationalism did not begin with Meir Kahane. It originated with Zionism itself, in the late 19th century; and it has been responsible for many intellectual, social, and political achievements of the highest order. (In the person of Rabbi Abraham Kook, the first chief rabbi of Israel, it produced one of the most original thinkers in modern Jewish history, and a remarkable mystic.) Still, Meir Kahane would not have been possible without that mingling. It set the snare of metaphysics for the state, the permanent possibility for a national illusion of religious grandeur. Many have fallen into that trap, particularly since the Six Day War. Meir Kahane is merely the most fallen of all.

II.

MEIR KAHANE deserves to be denounced as the national disgrace of the Jewish people. But a denunciation of Kahane is easy, and not quite the end of it. The ground for his success was prepared for him by others. It was not Meir Kahane who dominated the Israeli debate about peace and the Palestinians in recent years, who expropriated Palestinian land on the West Bank, who regularly abused and vandalized Palestinians there, who organized a terrorist underground for the purpose of de-

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stroying the Dome of the Rock mosque in Jerusalem, who planted bombs in the cars of freely elected Palestinian mayors or sprayed machine-gun fire at the students of the Islamic College in Hebron.

THE PHENOMENON of Kahanism must be understood in the context of a seismic shift in the political culture of Israel occasioned by the rise to power of Menachem Begin and Ariel Sharon. In their different ways these men presided over a great stimulation of extremisms, of a variety of irrationalisms that Israeli politics, not least because of the discipline of its self-defense, had successfully contained for decades. There occurred a general popping of the corks. More than ever before in the state's history, politics left Parliament for the street. A new politics of symbol and myth, of enthusiasm and excitement, of activism and agitation, materialized. And the new politics rose precisely as the old politics fell. The presence for the happy duration of Shimon Peres in the prime minister's office notwithstanding, the Labor Party is now the minority party; and it is in a state of moral, intellectual, and political exhaustion. Israel is in an age of ideology, which leaves Labor, the party of technocrats and bureaucrats and managers and pols, at a sorry disadvantage. Israel is also in an age of class and ethnic rancor, and that, too, leaves Labor behind. The energy is elsewhere.

Menachem Begin unleashed forces in Israeli politics that he believed he could control. Ariel Sharon unleashed them knowing he could not control them, but that the profit from the turbulence would be his. There are three such forces that have transformed Israeli politics under their authority, and created the conditions for the promotion of Meir Kahane from a malcontent on the margins to a fact of contemporary Israeli life: radical nationalism, militant millenarianism, and social resentment.

Radical nationalism. The evolution of electoral campaigns in recent years tells the story best of all. In 1981 Begin preached to mobs who proceeded to attack the property of people affiliated with the Labor Party or Peace Now, and a fateful new appellation was introduced into Israeli political discourse: *ha-makhane ha-leumi*, "the national camp," which was how the Likud successfully characterized itself (and, tolerantly, Tehiya too, its competitor to the right). Those outside the Likud were simply outside the nation. By the campaign of 1985, worried by the reversal in Lebanon and the Kahan commission's disclosure of the government's partial responsibility for the massacres at Sabra and Shatila, Ariel Sharon and Yitzhak Shamir (Begin's paltry successor) let loose a famous advertisement, which showed a picture of Yasir Arafat advising the viewer to vote for Peres. (Sharon's rhetoric against Peres remains warped; these days he enjoys inflaming party meetings with the remark that Peres, by freezing settlement on the West Bank because of the economic crisis, has imposed another White Paper on the Jews, referring to the British interdiction of Jewish emigration to Palestine on the eve of the Holocaust.)

These political phenomena were the result of a deeper historical and philosophical change that Begin set in motion. In 1977, after 30 years in the political wilderness, it was time to act upon the Revisionist chauvinism, its obsession with borders, its appetite for confrontation, its cult of national glory. Thus Begin set about systematically rewriting the history of the state, at least for the popular imagination; suddenly it appeared that the Irgun, Begin's terrorist underground of the 1940s, was the hero of Israeli independence, and the Haganah a kind of auxiliary force. Stamps were issued with the images of the Irgun's martyrs, including Avraham Stern, the poet and murderer who led the gang that bore his name. A commission was formed to look into the assassination in 1933 of a well-known Labor Zionist leader, with the aim of clearing the Revisionists of the time-honored charge that they were responsible. More examples could be cited.

Then there came a new glorification of Jewish militarism, an attempt to discredit the old Haganah policy of *havlagah*, of restraint in the use of force and circumspection in the taking of reprisals. When Begin visited the Museum of the Diaspora in Tel Aviv, a comprehensive display of the full range of Jewish creativity in the medieval and early modern eras, he wished only to know why no Jewish soldiers had been included. Begin's love of militarism is a corny kind of Betar love, gained in the paramilitary youth movement that his mentor Jabotinsky founded. Sharon's infatuation with force is a more worldly thing, and well proven; as is Rafael Eitan's, his chief of staff until the Kahan commission recommended relieving him of his duties, and now a leading figure in Tehiya.

And there came a new politicization of the Holocaust, a shamelessness about the adducing of Auschwitz for political gain. Arafat, who is quite evil enough for being Arafat, was always compared to Hitler. While the Israeli army laid siege to Beirut in 1982, Begin wrote to Reagan that "I feel as a Prime Minister empowered to instruct a valiant army facing Berlin, where among innocent civilians Hitler and his henchmen hid in a bunker beneath the surface." Of course, for Begin, as for many survivors of the Holocaust, Hitler may never be dead; but the same may not be said of many others with a talent for the tactic.

THE BEGIN revolution really amounted to the removal of the inhibitions from the paranoid style in Jewish politics. Begin represented, almost anachronistically, the old-fashioned and radically simplified mentality of the Diaspora Jew; for him there were only two actors in world history, the Jew and the goy, who were eternally locked in struggle. He promulgated the time-honored typological view of Jewish history, according to which the Amalekites were the Romans were the Crusaders were the Cossacks were the Nazis were the Arabs were the PLO. After the massacre at Sabra and Shatila, Begin remarked that "goyim kill goyim and they come to hang the Jews," when in fact Christians killed Moslems and they came to hang the Jews (who were anyway not completely innocent). Included in this typological trap, moreover, were all the Palestinians. "Two-legged animals," Begin called them, though he more than made up for his part in the new Israeli preju-

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dice when he signed the Camp David accords and acknowledged "the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people." It was Sharon, and Eitan (he called them "drugged roaches in a bottle"), and many of the propagandists of the settlers' movement, who prodded and prompted an anti-Palestinian feeling, particularly among Moroccan and Yemenite Jews, whose fund of anti-Arab feeling the Arabs had themselves established long ago. In 1984 a poll in *Haaretz* reported that 32 percent of Israelis considered that violence against Arabs, including terrorism, was either "totally" justified or has "some justification."

Is Meir Kahane, then, only a fluke? After the Jewish settlers' council in Qiryat Arba, the large settlement outside of Hebron, accepted a representative of Kach to its membership, Elyakim Ha-etzni, an important figure in the settlers' movement and a man of fire, argued that no apologies were necessary, that Kahane was "archaic" and "medieval" but "not Nazi," indeed, that he was only a somewhat too extreme "nationalist radical." Writing last August, Yuval Neeman condemned Kahane for his "view of Arabs—and goyim in general—as sub-human"; but in the very same breath he called for "the settlement of Arab refugees (about half a million in Judea, Samaria, and Gaza) outside of the land of Israel," and considered "different possibilities of population transfer within the framework of negotiated arrangements."

And writing in September, Ariel Sharon, who has taken the occasion of Kahane's sudden prominence to present himself as the true Jewish Jeffersonian, maintained that Kahane's ideas are "strange to us, as Jews, even crazy," that "our shared life with the Arabs in the land of Israel is . . . a geographical and historical fact, with many positive sides"; and then he proceeded to warn that even though "democracy is a supreme value . . . which must be preserved at any price . . . we have another supreme value: securing the existence of the Jewish people and the state of Israel and its development, as the state of the Jews and as a Jewish state. . . . It must not enter anybody's mind that the rules of the democratic game will lead to a weakening or a loss of the Jewish uniqueness and complexion of the state of Israel." The Arabs "must enjoy, as a matter of principle, equal rights as individuals. . . . But west of the Jordan, in the territories of the Jewish state, national rights . . . belong only to Jews." With such critics, Kahane can live comfortably. And they with him; he can do their dirty work.

MILITANT millenarianism. The settlement of the West Bank for the sake of annexation was not solely the work of the radical nationalists, who are generally secular technocrats or veterans of the resistance. The most powerful impulse for the settlement movement was religious. After the 1967 war there arose from the mystical nationalism of Rabbi Abraham Kook, particularly as it was developed by his son, Rabbi Zvi Yehuda Kook, known as "The Hermit," a vigorous application of the traditions of Jewish messianism to the reality of the Jewish state. Both the Six Day War and the Yom Kippur War were given elaborate apocalyptic meanings. Political activism, meticulously planned and aggressively executed by the Gush Emunim (the Bloc of the Believers), was undertaken in an eschatological spirit.

The messianic doctrine of Maimonides is frequently cited as the basis for the pioneering and the politics of the settlers. "The messianic age is this world," Maimonides wrote, "and the world keeps to its customs, except that sovereignty will be restored to Israel." Endorsing a Talmudic text that may be found throughout the writings of the Gush Emunim, Maimonides judged that "there is no difference between this world and the messianic era except the subjugation of the [other] kingdoms." Such opinions have led Rabbi Shlomo Aviner, an influential rabbi and one of the *prophetae* of the millenarian movement, to characterize the politics of the settlers as "messianic realism."

They have also led to certain more concrete developments. The chief rabbinate has issued a number of rulings forbidding the return of any territory for peace. In 1979, for example, it decreed that "according to our holy Torah, and to clear and authoritative law, there is a strict ban on transferring ownership to gentiles" of any part of the land that God promised Abraham. (During the Lebanon war, the attempt was made by the millennial commentators to include Lebanon in the promise.) The speciousness of the legal reasoning in these decisions has been exposed by a number of great rabbinic scholars, but their influence is drastically limited by *their* historical indifference to Zionism and the state.

NOR IS THAT ALL. The religious intellectuals of the annexationist movement have drawn a variety of disheartening and undemocratic conclusions about the Palestinians in whose midst many of them live. For all of them, the idea of civil rights is a Western incrustation upon the Jewish revival; the tolerant among them are those who search the classical sources for categories of second-class citizenship for the Palestinians. But the prevailing view consists in a tacit consensus about the desirability of their expulsion. This is rarely stated plainly. As one rabbi put it a few years ago, there are "laws that are not to be publicized"; or, as many like to remind themselves, "the Torah spoke in the language of men," that is, it spoke euphemistically and allegorically, so as not to shock with a direct disclosure of its meaning. Still, the feeling is everywhere that there is no place for the Arab in the Jewish land—and that the holiness of the Jews exempts them from the obligations of morality that are binding on other peoples. The commandment to conquer the land, writes Rabbi Aviner, "transcends the human and moral considerations of the national rights of the gentiles to our land." And in one instance, in an article called "The Commandment of Genocide in the Torah," a rabbi proposed that Israel's Palestinian policy be guided by the injunction in the Torah to wipe out all traces of the ancient foe Amalek. As the late Uriel Tal observed, in one of his important studies of the political culture of the West Bank millenarians, the article occasioned no controversy in its community.

I have been to the settlements on the West Bank many

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times, and I count some of the settlers among my friends. I have disputed with them fiercely. I have also prayed with them, admiring the vitality of their venture and envying a little the quantity of rapture that they have introduced into their lives. I believe that they are wrong, and that they may be putting the whole of the state into jeopardy. I do not believe that they are all racists, or psychopaths, or terrorists, or fascists. Still, all these may be found in their midst; and more important, they—I mean even the gentlest spirits among the settlers, the most thoughtful and the most ethically exigent among them—have created the intellectual and political conditions for anti-Palestinian prejudice and anti-Palestinian violence.

It will not do for them to dissociate themselves from the worst consequences of their zeal, as they tried to do in the affair of the Jewish terrorists. The people were theirs, and so, therefore, was the responsibility. Intoxicated by their own idealism, the settlers do not see that they are pushing the state in the direction of problems for which they have no acceptable solution. Mystical experience will be a poor excuse for historical blindness. Now Meir Kahane has appeared, and many of the settlers are embarrassed, and are nervously trying to make distinctions. Distinctions there are; but without the legitimation and the popularization of political messianism by the settlers and their leaders, more Israelis may have recognized, in Kahane's screeds about "the irrational, dangerous, Jewish things," the full measure of his grotesqueness.

SOCIAL RESENTMENT. The simultaneity of social unrest with with messianic activity is an old story. In Israel since Begin, interestingly, they occurred simultaneously, but by different hands. There are very few Sephardic (Oriental) Jews among the settlers of the West Bank; Sharon's attempt in the late 1970s to set up an entirely Sephardic settlement not far from Nablus failed miserably. The Sephardic rage was expressed elsewhere. While more Sephardim voted for Labor in the elections of 1977, 1981, and 1985 than is commonly realized, and while most of the structure of the Likud (and a substantial portion of the supporters of Kach) is Ashkenazic (European), the fact remains that one of the primary instruments of Begin, Sharon, and Kahane has been the politics of resentment. Begin, for whom a Jew is a Jew is a Jew, probably did not exploit the resentment intentionally. His strategists, and certainly Sharon, did. Incitement became a standard Likud ploy. The results were rattling. I recall seeing "Askenatzim" ("Ashke-Nazis") scrawled on walls in more than one development town.

What is the justice of the Sephardic grievance? It is hard to say. The great Sephardic immigrations of the late 1940s and early 1950s occurred in a period of grave economic crisis; and, as Marie Syrkin wrote recently in these pages concerning the insensitivity of the government to the culture of the new citizens, "in a rational society it is fair to ask how far reverence for ancient folkways should go." Recent research in Israel, on the other hand, presents a picture of paternalism and prejudice in high places that is hard to deny. Whatever the case, the availability of a vast fund of social bitterness proved to be a decisive fact of Israeli politics in the late 1970s.

The bitterness was both class and ethnic. For the Likud it included a foreign policy dividend as well. The economic crisis worsened it; and the Begin government offered a politically expedient boom for the short term that amounted to a hoax played upon its most loyal supporters. Perhaps the most vivid account of the bitterness is Amos Oz's report of an encounter with a group of Sephardic workers in Beit Shemesh, a development town near Jerusalem:

> When you were on top, you hid us away in holes, in *moshavim* and in development towns, so the tourists wouldn't see us; so we wouldn't stain your image; so they'd think this was a white country. But that's all over now, because now we've come out of our holes. . . . You want the hatred between us to end? First of all, come and apologize, properly. We have sinned, we are guilty, we have dealt treacherously—that's what you should say. That's what you should say, looking us straight in the eye at Beit Shemesh, and in front of Begin's house. . . . Say you're sorry for the thirty years you were in power. . . . We're not out for revenge. You're Jews, too. But one thing: come without that arrogance of yours. . . .

About the Arabs, the fury in Beit Shemesh is no less considerable, though it quickly turns to targets closer to home:

> You think the Arabs want a state in the West Bank? They want to eat us up alive—that's what they want. And Shimon Peres is willing to sell them the whole country, just as long as he gets back into power. The guy's sick. You're all sick. The sickest ones are those writers and the left-wing professors and the television reporters and Peace Now. . . . Look at the Arabs, just look! Do they have anything like Peace Now?

WHEN Meir Kahane visits Beit Shemesh, he is welcomed as a hero. "Kahane, king of Israel!" Kahane has made a career out of the distrust of elites and the disaffection from "establishments." He speaks proudly about the enthusiasm of this stratum of the population for his extremism. His pride always is accompanied by a textbook illustration of paranoid anti-intellectualism. At the National Press Club a few weeks ago, he defended his Sephardic supporters as "the last normal people [in Israel], untouched by college professors. Not every Jew has to be a Ph.D." The coarseness of his mob pleases Kahane; he shares its fear of what he calls "the Hellenists—disturbed artists, intellectuals, and writers, the barons of television and radio and theater, placing their own needs, desires, and illnesses over that of the sacred yoke of Heaven." Kahane is indefatigable in playing upon the unhappy Sephardic past. "This is the accusing finger," he writes, "that points at the Israeli Establishment, for what Muslims could not do during more than 1,000 years of domination of the Jews in their lands, the Jewish Establishment accomplished in less than 25: the spiritual destruction of hundreds of thousands of Sephardic Jews. . . ."

The good news about the ethnic tension in Israel, however, is that the edge seems to be going off it. The present government of national unity marks a decisive step in the

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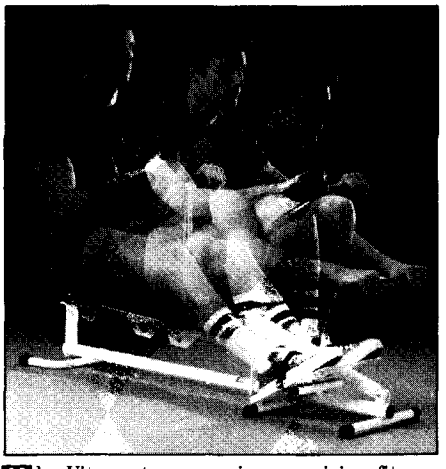

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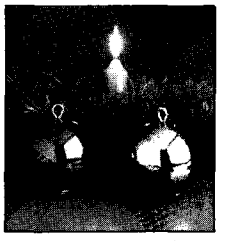

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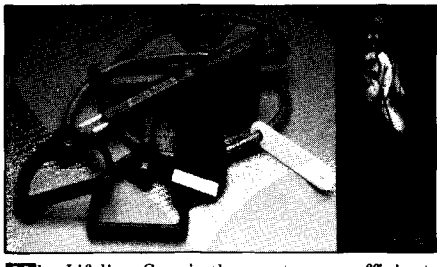

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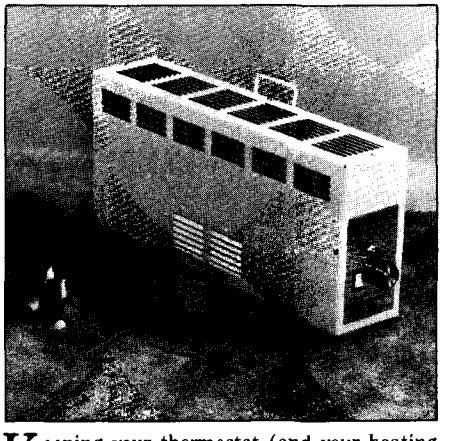

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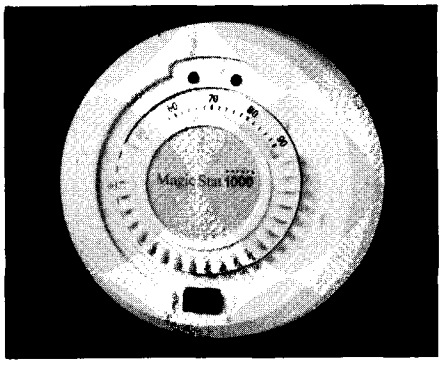

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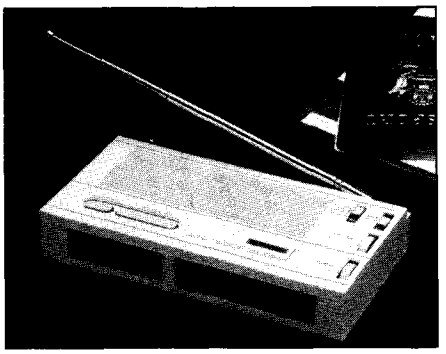

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political enfranchisement of the Sephardim; both its deputy prime ministers, Yitzhak Navon of Labor and David Levy of Likud, are of Oriental origin. Indeed, the first Sephardic political elite in the history of the state is now in formation. And as the rates of ethnic intermarriage increase, and the integration by the common experience of army service intensifies, the appeal of demagoguery and the reliability of the protest vote declines. Thus, like any accomplished practitioner of the politics of resentment, Kahane will do his best to keep his supporters down even as he pretends to raise them up. He needs their anger.

III.

MEIR KAHANE has the dubious distinction of combining the ugliest of American Jewry with the ugliest of Israeli Jewry.

I remember Kahane well. In 1969, when I was 17 and a student at a yeshivah high school in Brooklyn that mixed a strenuous curriculum with a passionate commitment to religious Zionism, I joined the Jewish Defense League. Kahane had spoken at the yeshivah, and made an impression. He dressed like an Israeli and spoke like an American. He wore a large woolen yarmulke, as did we all. His voice had a strange, and finally a soothing, rhythm; it would rise and snarl, as if to frighten us, and then subside into a calm that seemed more proof of conviction. (Later I learned that the calm was of a different kind, what Charcot called *la belle indifference des hystériques*.) He would punctuate his speech with ostentatiously heavy sighs, as if all that he was saying was obvious, as if all of the collective memory of the Jewish people was his to carry. Nobody knew very much about him; he seemed to have arrived from nowhere. Though he called himself a rabbi, he did not seem very learned. We did not care. His appeal was not to our minds.

The climate in Brooklyn in 1969 was clement for Kahane's message, which was essentially that we, the Jews of Brooklyn, were as besieged as our ancestors, and as our brothers and sisters in Israel. We, too, were fighting for our lives. He seemed to move our uneventful existence from the peaceful periphery to the calamitous center of Jewish history, to enlist us in the great Jewish melodrama. Two events had recently taken place that made us ripe for rousing. The first was the Six Day War; for us, *this* was the world-historical war of the 1960s, and our primal political scene. When Kahane appeared, the flammable mixture of despair and exaltation of June 1967 was still vivid in our hearts. On June 6, for example, all teaching at my yeshivah was halted, and replaced by the radio coverage of the war, which was broadcast over the public address system. When our Israeli teachers wept, we wept too. A few weeks after the war we all hung a large poster of a Hasid changing into a Superman costume in a telephone booth. "The whole world is against us," we would say in Hebrew; or, as Kahane later put it, "a Jewish fist in the face of an astonished gentile world . . . This is *kiddush ha-shem* [the Sanctification of God's Name]."

The other event was the Ocean Hill-Brownsville teachers' strike. There came the shock of black anti-Semitism: "Hey Jew Boy with that yarmulke on your head / You pale-faced Jew Boy, I wish you were dead . . . ," dedicated by a young black girl, celebrated in her community, to Albert Shanker. We had found our enemy. I will not pretend that we were betrayed liberals; in Flatbush, in Boro Park, in Bensonhurst, in Crown Heights, the blacks had almost always been *shvartzes*. Still, a young paranoid needs an enemy, and we had agreed to let Kahane train us in paranoia. The Jewish Defense League was founded in 1968 as a cross between a self-help group and a vigilante organization, to patrol the streets of Brooklyn's mixed and troubled neighborhoods and protect elderly Jews from attackers. I thought this was a worthy activity; and in acting self-reliantly I felt Israeli.

It was not long before the Jewish Defense League developed into what it became—an American Jewish Poujadist movement, organized around an endlessly ambitious and reckless leader, fascinated by lawlessness and brutality. A short time later, after Kahane found his "foreign policy," his violent anti-Soviet and anti-Arab demonstrations, I quietly parted company with the movement. While Kahane prided himself on "getting Soviet Jewry onto page one of the *New York Times*," I decided that it was really Kahane he was trying to get there. (Another group, called Student Struggle for Soviet Jewry, was doing the real work.) The lust for violence—"Every Jew a .22"—frightened me. One summer I considered three plans for my vacation: Camp Jedel, a paramilitary summer camp Kahane had started in the Catskills; a program of social work for high school students in Appalachia, which was then a big draw for the children of the middle-class; and a first visit to Israel. I chose Israel, and it opened my eyes to what was happening in Brooklyn.

WHEN I RECALL my attraction to the Jewish Defense League, I begin to understand the attraction of many Israeli teenagers to Kach. Kahane seemed to hit every resentment, every fear of inadequacy, every fantasy. There was the resentment of Brooklyn for Manhattan. It was the class resentment of the lower-middle-class Jews in semidetached houses for the genteel Jews in buildings with doormen. And it was the cultural resentment of young Jews who spoke Hebrew or Yiddish naturally but never saw a foreign film for the well-educated and socially gifted Jews across the bridge whose Jewishness seemed illiterate. "Is This Any Way for Nice Jewish Boys to Behave?" was the JDL caption to a photograph of Jews in yarmulkes brandishing bats and chains.

There was a kind of Holocaust resentment, too. In Manhattan they were making speeches and holding commemorations; in Brooklyn we lived among the survivors, we were their children, and met the death daily. "Never Again!" was Kahane's most popular slogan; it seemed properly absolute, and had the additional advantage of making Auschwitz into a mere political problem. We never understood the Jewish organizations' objection to it. Everything, then, that Kahane said about "the Jewish Establishment" sounded right. It had ignored and insulted us, the Jews from the provinces, the not-so-prosperous

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Jews, the Jews with accents, the Jews in yarmulkes.

Kahane's skill was first to make us feel more powerless than we were and then to make us feel that we had more power than we did. The Jewish Defense League was based on an odd combustion of feelings of superiority with feelings of inferiority. The Jews were victims and they were victors. They were meek and they were mighty. And Kahane's other skill, I realized much later, was to make it possible for us to have the 1960s our way. The Jewish Defense League was a right-wing protest movement that owed many of its methods and much of its glamour to the example of the radical left. It was an antiblack organization whose hatred of the Black Panthers was equaled only by its respect. In acting self-reliantly, we felt not only Israeli; we also felt black. I recall, not a little to my shame, protesting to my parents that Eldridge Cleaver was making me a better Jew. I remember a week in which I handcuffed myself to the Soviet consulate on 67th Street and organized a Jewish contingent to an antiwar rally on 42nd Street. (I also remember Robert Lowell sitting next to me on the IND to Bryant Park, as on my lap I had a volume of Yehuda Amichai's verse.) For all its crude affirmations of Jewish authenticity, the JDL was for many of us a welcome avenue of assimilation, a way of getting in on the great melodrama of the goyim, too.

IV.

THE EMERGENCE of Meir Kahane is a sign that the Jews must attend to their demons as well as to their enemies. But Kahane's emergence is owed in part to the behavior of their enemies. No, Arabs are not responsible for what Jews do; only Jews are. For centuries the excuse of external hostility has existed for the Jews, for their shortcomings and their failings, but they never took it up. The Jews will have to defeat Kahanism. But the Arabs, and the PLO, and the Palestinians, are not helping.

In 1947 the Jews accepted the partition of Palestine and the Arabs did not. Now many Jews do not, too; that is really all that has changed over the past 40 years. It is a fateful change, to be sure. But it is a change that the Arabs were instrumental in bringing about. Three times the Arabs dispatched their armies for the purpose of destroying the Jewish state, and scores of times they dispatched their terrorists for the purpose of destroying Jewish men, women, and children. Precisely how much punishment can the Jewish willingness to compromise take?

Certainly, the Arab-Israeli conflict is a political problem; this the peace with Egypt, despite its chills, demonstrates. But who cannot forgive Israelis for believing that the problem is cultural, or racial, or metaphysical? Certainly, the war with the Arabs was not like the war (or what war there was) with the Nazis; there is a difference between fighting to defend a state and fighting for a better way to die. But who cannot forgive Israelis for returning from the front in 1967 and 1973 with thoughts of extinction? Asking the Jews to cling to compromise is asking them to overlook a substantial portion of their experience. This, very vigilantly, they have done—sometimes because peace seemed possible, sometimes because they refused to countenance a destiny of pure darkness; sometimes as an act of mind, sometimes as an act of will. But it is a psychological feat of great magnitude to act as if the people who seem to want to destroy you do not want to destroy you, to withstand war after war and hold that peace is imminent, to busy yourself with your own defense and still keep yourself open.

THE SPLITTING of the Jewish self required by the "peace process," the strain of negotiating with oneself because there is nobody else prepared to negotiate with one, is becoming harder to bear. The rise to power of Menachem Begin should have signaled this. From the election of 1977 that brought Begin to the prime minister's office to the election of 1985 that brought Kahane to the Knesset, the evidence has mounted that the argument for hope is becoming less and less plausible to more and more Israelis. For years the PLO, with the assent of the king of Jordan, played upon the Israeli insistence upon risking illusion; the "two-track" strategy of diplomacy and terror was a consummate cynicism, requiring that Israel heed new words while the PLO practiced old deeds. The angry man from Beit Shemesh was right. The Arabs have no Peace Now. They have no Labor Party, either. And they had their own Kahanes before the Jewish one was born.

The Arabs, in short, have made Israeli liberalism seem refuted by reality. Every day that passes without the arrival of King Hussein and the announcement of a moderate Palestinian leadership on the West Bank is only more proof against it. Still, it is early for complete despair. There have been some hysterical things said in the wake of Kahane's celebrity. Doubts have been raised, for example, about the resilience of Israeli democracy. It is true, certainly, that demagogues like Kahane flourish in democracies; they are the slime that democracies must suffer. But Israeli democracy moved swiftly against Kahane. The Knesset passed a law in July banning racist parties like Kach from future elections. The law is problematic, and no doubt Kahane will find a way around it; but at least this democracy is alive to the danger from the anti-democrats in its midst. Nor does Kahane's election prove that Israeli society is fundamentally anti-Arab; recent polls show a healthy (if dwindling) majority that opposes any such attitude.

Kahane is not Israel. He will never come to power. But even his limited success will aid and abet the forces in Israel that may land Israel with a problem it will not be able to solve. You do not have to be Meir Kahane, or Yuval Neeman, or Yitzhak Shamir, or Ariel Sharon to oppose the PLO. But the PLO was crippled militarily in Lebanon, and now politically in the *Achille Lauro* affair; the Palestinians remain. They may not be central to the rivalry between the United States and the Soviet Union, or to the imperishable instability of the Middle East, or even to all of the Arab-Israeli conflict, but they are central, surely, to the Israelis and to themselves. And there can be no greater blow to the prospects for peace than the poisoning of relations between peoples who will share, whether they like it or not, with God's blessing or without, the same unknown fate. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Remarks by a Contemporary

I first saw Orson Welles in December 1934 when he was 19 and I was 18. He was in the Katharine Cornell production of *Romeo and Juliet* in which he spoke the chorus and played Tybalt. I had never heard of him but knew at once that I would hear of him again: his presence was powerful, and his voice was already as rich as it ever became. A few weeks later I met Welles, for the first and only time, at the home of an Irish actor named Whitford Kane whom he had known in Chicago. (Seven years later all Whitford's friends assumed that the naming of Welles's first film was a private joke between the director and the older actor.) I was struck by the difference in the offstage Welles. The powerful young man seemed here more like an overgrown baby; the rich voice was frequently punctuated with high-pitched giggles.

This difference between the public Welles and the private Welles is much too pat to explain him. (Thompson, the reporter in *Citizen Kane*, says of Rosebud: "I don't think any word explains a man's life.") Nothing that follows is meant neatly to categorize a multifarious career. But the difference that struck me at my one meeting with him was certainly in my head during all the 51 years that I followed his doings, and in general—impressionistically, at least—it seems to be relevant.

In his earliest years, the public Welles (in my terms) predominated: he went from strength to strength. I saw virtually all his theater productions in New York, most of which were, if eccentric, irresistibly exciting. In 1938 he did a good production of Shaw's *Heartbreak House* and played Captain Shotover; and his picture was on the cover of *Time*, at the age of 23, in a white wig and beard. I heard very many of his radio productions, including the sensational *War of the Worlds*, which were certainly the best radio plays in my experience.

In 1939 Welles went to Hollywood, and many of us, conditioned by the prevailing cultural hierarchies, feared that this was the end. Good-bye to the soaring genius. Our fear was heightened by the long delay in settling on his first film project and getting it launched. At last he made his film. (Between the finish of the film and its release, Welles came to New York and directed a dramatization of Richard Wright's *Native Son*.)

Then in May 1941 *Citizen Kane* opened. No one who was not sentient at the time can understand the effect. Most of the people I now know grew up with *Citizen Kane* as a cultural fact, a piece of history, a locus of legend. But to be there when it arrived! Here was a young man who, after a pyrotechnic career in theater and radio, after a blazing rise to national prominence, had disappeared into Hollywood for almost two years as into a quagmire, and who emerged with an achievement that surpassed anything he had ever done. Not just a good film, not just (to this very date) the best serious American film, but (as many knew at once) one of the best films in world history. It was overwhelming. And he was just 26. Who could say what treasures lay ahead?

All this was the public Welles, as was *The Magnificent Ambersons*, even in the released version mangled by the producers, as was *Macbeth*, in Welles's original version, lately restored. As was his exuberant 1945 Broadway production of *Around the World in Eighty Days*—Jules Verne set to Cole Porter songs, with Welles in several roles including a Chinese magician. (The show flopped, but sometimes I meet someone who saw it. Immediately we start to bore everyone else in the room by reminiscing about it.)

Still, through the early 1940s the private Welles, the overgrown-baby Welles, began to emerge (and, as later became clear, had something to do with allowing producers the chance to interfere with his films). Not long after the Cole Porter failure, he moved to Europe for tax and other reasons, and he remained there, with occasional return visits to work, for almost 30 years. Thus most of Welles's life was spent abroad, as an acting-directing vagabond, without the rootedness and cultural continuity that, retrospectively, he seemed to have needed. In those years, increasingly showered with nearly indiscriminate praise especially by European rhapsodists, Welles allowed the self-willed, capricious baby in him to rule. Nothing that he directed ever lacked some touches that no one else could have approached, but films like *Othello* and *Mr. Arkadin* seemed to have a subtext of whim, almost petulance. He had always done as he pleased, but now his determination seemed childish conceit rather than artistic subscription. His acting, in his own and other people's films, became casual and referential. ("I expect you to supplement my performance here with your knowledge of what I've done in the past and who I am.") He was too talented not to give occasional good performances (*The Third Man*, *Compulsion*), but he was in a

FILMS WORTH SEEING

After Hours. Martin Scorsese's macabre interpretation of a New York yuppie's comic nighttime adventures in a Soho netherworld. (Reviewed 10/14/85)

Plenty. David Hare has stretched his taut play into a star-vehicle movie; Meryl Streep is not in top form as an Englishwoman suffering postwar letdown; but much of the dialogue still cuts and John Gielgud sparkles. (9/30/85)

Shoah. The word is Hebrew for "holocaust." A nine-and-a-half-hour documentary, shown in two parts. Interviews, woven skillfully, with witnesses of the Final Solution—survivors, bystanders, German participants. *No footage that you have seen*; every moment was shot after 1976. Claude Lanzmann, the Frenchman who made the film—ten years' work in 14 countries—has contributed gravely, importantly, to history. (10/28/85)

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lot of trashy films, and in them as well as in better ones, he seemed invisibly to be sticking his tongue out at the world, telling it that he was going to do just as he liked.

At last he moved back to America, with the wayward child now buried in a grossly obese body. Here he added another color to his character, the genius whom Hollywood forgot, à la D. W. Griffith. He said he couldn't find backing for the projects he wanted to make. He did shoot a good deal of a film called *The Other Side of the Wind*, and of course I wish he had been able to finish it, although the clips that have been shown are ambiguous. But he carefully prepared the role of dethroned king, the exile even when he was at home, and it served him juicily in TV commercials and talk show appearances. To me, those commercials and Falstaffian chats were horrible because of the gifts that he had. Not gifts that he had lost—I never thought of him, in terms of talent, as a "has-been"—but gifts that were still his and which, with that legerdemain of which he was so proud, he sometimes let us glimpse.

To have watched Welles through the years, to have seen his career as it happened, bit by bit, instead of in retrospect, was to become dourly aware of the Heraclitus tag: character is destiny. He was a man for whom everything was possible, absolutely *everything*, in the worlds of theater, radio, film, television. He could have been a major changer and shaper of our performing arts. But in the middle 1940s the spoiled child took over. He had overcome plenty of difficulties before then, but about that time he seemed to assume that the world now owed him a smooth path and that he would pay the world back for its refusal to pamper him by giving it only virtuosic arrogance.

Well, history will not witness the chronicle as it was registered year by year. The view will be retrospective, not serial. And that's all to the good because immediacies of disappointment will dim, the heights of his achievements will dominate. History will care less than does a contemporary that Welles's best works were bunched early in his career. Rossini, who died at the age of 76, quit operatic composing at the age of 37, and though doubtless many of his contemporaries were anguished or angry, history remembers

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only what he accomplished. Among Welles's accomplishments, one is supreme. He made a film that changed film. Other directors—Griffith, Ford, Godard—have had sizable careers of immeasurable influence. But I can think of only two films that, in themselves, altered film vision. One is Eisenstein's *Potemkin*, the other is *Citizen Kane*. In years to come, as the man and his life fade, who will care how old Welles was when he made it?

The nonviolent struggle of Adam Michnik.

THINKER ON THE BARRICADES

BY CZESLAW MILOSZ

LET ME BEGIN by quoting the words of Mahatma Gandhi: "If a government does a grave injustice, the subject must withdraw cooperation wholly or partially, sufficient to wean the ruler from wickedness. In each case conceived by me there is an element of suffering whether mental or physical. Without such suffering it is not possible to attain freedom."

Today, toward the end of the century that has seen the triumph of Gandhi's action in his country, it is legitimate to ask whether these words of the prophet of nonviolence are not a little too idealistic. We hear often the argument that because the British Empire respected the law, passive resistance had a chance of success, while the modern totalitarian or police state does not recognize any bounds to the exercise of its power. Confronted with such a state, is nonviolence, as a philosophy, and a tactic of the individual, possible? True, Gandhi himself recognized its difficulties. He said that "the practice of nonviolence requires fearlessness and courage of the highest order. I am painfully aware of my failings." And yet Gandhi did not have for his adversary a state that sends in its tanks against workers' unions.

Our very natural tendency to place the possible in the past leads us often to overlook the acts of our contemporaries who defy the presumably unmovable order of things, and accomplish what at first sight has seemed impossible or improbable. And yet if a man appears today who represents the philosophy of nonviolence, he merits being known and honored. I could pronounce here the names of Lech Walesa and of other Polish leaders of Solidarity. This time, however, I want to concentrate upon a man who propagates nonviolence in his writings, and in doing so provides a foundation of theory for his own activity. I have in mind Adam Michnik, whom I am privileged to count among my friends, and who was sentenced by the Polish courts in June 1985 to three years of prison. I shall try to present him first as the author of books that he has written in his brief moments of liberty, but mostly in his jails.

Adam Michnik, born in 1946 in Warsaw, son of a prewar communist militant, and himself a zealous Marxist in his early youth, has undergone an evolution, the description of which in his essays makes fascinating reading. He speaks of the influence of books, some found at home, some borrowed not quite legally from public libraries where they were placed in the departments of the "prohibita." He discovered a discrepancy between the real history of the 20th century and that presented in the official textbooks and histories. Since that discrepancy was at the center of his thought, he started to reflect upon the role of the intellectuals as servants of the party, as makers of a smoke screen to disguise the truth.

Having decided to become an intellectual, though a different sort of intellectual, he studied history at the university and simultaneously engaged in opposition activities. Since 1965 he has often been arrested. Expelled from the university and sentenced in 1968 to three years of prison, he became a factory worker while continuing to study history. He came to delineate his field of action: (1) to see clearly, to call the intellectuals to overcome fear, and never to lie; (2) to redefine the relations between the intellectuals and the two main forces capable of changing Poland—the workers and the Church.

Michnik's book *The Church, The Left, A Dialogue*, sent clandestinely to Paris and published in 1977, marks a decisive turn in the political climate of his country. The relations between the majority of the Polish intellectuals and the Catholic Church were not cordial during the first half of the century; these two worlds seemed even to be hostile to each other. The Church has undergone profound changes, however, since the end of the war. It ceased to be the Church of the peasants, and attracted more and more young people of high intellectual caliber into its ranks as clergy and parishioners. Thanks to its defense of the individual against the power of the state, and to its courage during the Stalinist period, the Church became a natural ally of all those who wanted to introduce freedom into public life. The evolution of the intellectuals was leading them in the same direction. The dialogue proposed by Michnik had nothing to do with the famous dialogues between Marxists and Christians, which always ended by drafting the latter into the service of the revolution. Rather the goal was to unite the two forces called to work in a nonviolent manner toward the transformation of society. This transformation was to begin, according to Michnik, the moment when society learned to consider itself as a *subject*, rather than as an object manipulated by those who govern.

AFTER the workers' spontaneous demonstrations in Radom in 1976, cruelly crushed by the police, Michnik became one of the founders of KOR—Committee for the Defense of Workers—and diligently set about implementing his aim: an alliance between the intellectuals and the workers. Incessantly harassed by the police, who arrested and tried to intimidate its members, the Committee remained faithful to the principle of legal, open, and nonviolent action. The strike of Gdansk in 1980, which led to the creation of Solidarity, accomplished in practice what Michnik had envisioned in theory: an alliance of intellectuals, workers, and the Church, and the principles of legal-

Czeslaw Milosz won the Nobel Prize in literature in 1980.

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ity and nonviolence. And if Solidarity has preserved—a rare thing in similar cases—its nonviolent character, the merit for this is due to the foundations laid by Michnik and his companions. He himself proved his attachment to the principles at the time of a mass riot near Warsaw; when a crowd besieged a police station, Michnik intervened to protect the endangered policemen and to calm the crowd.

Interned together with thousands of others after the proclamation of martial law on December 13, 1981, Michnik spent nearly three years in prison. When offered freedom in exchange for leaving Poland, he refused. His extraordinary discipline allowed him to write two books of essays in his cell (although he had no solitude there). These books reveal him as a literary critic of the first order, and as a historian endowed with a style much more vivid than that of university scholars.

THERE WAS a moment in his career when Michnik was a communist-revisionist. He is still a revisionist, but in a different sense. What a title for an author from the left (and he does not renounce the socialist ideal) to give his book published in Paris in 1985: *From the History of Honor in Poland*! For here the forgotten or abandoned notions of true and false, of good and evil, acquire extreme importance, and the history of Poland over the last 40 years is interpreted according to the honorable or dishonorable behavior of individuals toward the authorities. And what is perhaps surprising in a man concerned with civic duties, Michnik is an attentive reader of contemporary Polish poetry, finding in it the most expressive voice of freedom. In this he is a legitimate son of a country that, at least in one of its aspects, deserves to be envied by Western writers: poetry is treated there by everyone as a serious affair. The superiority of Michnik over practitioners of professional literary criticism, so well versed in the latest intellectual fashions, consists precisely in his use of the simple criteria of honor and conscience.

And yet Michnik's attitude is not that of an offended moralist. Confronted with a newly acquired moral zeal among libertarian activists, he addresses to their angelic righteousness the following warning, which I quote from his essay of 1979:

> Whatever happens tomorrow, already today I feel I must point out that an angel who requires heroism not only from himself but also from others, who completely refuses to recognize the value of compromises and perceives the world with a Manichaean simplicity, who pours scorn on people who conceive differently their duties towards their fellow citizens—such an angel, even if he admires heaven, has already entered the road leading to hell. No matter whether he justifies his actions by a phraseology of national independence or by a socialist-universalist utopia—he sows the grains of future hatred.

Michnik represents the best tradition of the Polish intelligentsia, that of liberalism and tolerance. He has always worked assiduously against temptations of hatred in himself and his compatriots. His program of international brotherhood embraces not only the immediate neighbors of Poland—the Czechs, the Slovaks, the Lithuanians, the Ukrainians, and the Germans, but also the Russian nation. To the complaints, often repeated by the Poles, of being abandoned by the West, he opposes the words of gratitude to the West for its interest in the cause represented first by the Committee for the Defense of Workers, and then by Solidarity. Since that active interest was, in the first place, voiced by the people and the authorities of France, he speaks of the debt Polish militants owe to the country of the Rights of Man and Citizen.

AS A historian, Michnik expresses in his writings the struggle for independence of his country, which fills the whole of the 19th century and results in the creation of a free Poland—destined, however, to be defeated again in World War II and become a captive in its aftermath. The ancient dilemma reappeared—the choice between collaboration or resistance. Far from being a nationalist, Michnik clings to his idea of the people as a subject of their history and not just an object—a thing impossible where the rulers of a country are not elected democratically but, on the contrary, are imposed from abroad. He quotes Engels, who used to say that "a proletarian international movement is possible only among independent nations."

What is the meaning of such notions in Europe, which pretends to exist while it is no more than a shadow of itself, partitioned as it is as a consequence of Yalta? Choosing a nonviolent

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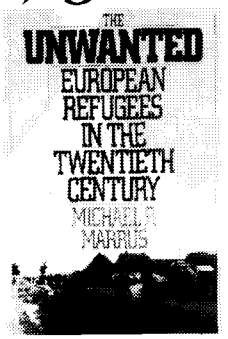

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resistance, Michnik does not hope to change the map of Europe. He places his hope in a constant pressure on the rulers exerted by the citizens aware of their rights. Rulers are never inclined to grant demands of the population unless they are forced to. It is true that Poland belongs to the Soviet bloc. Yet the Polish People's Republic signed the Helsinki act, and the Civil and Political Rights Covenant, as well as the Convention No. 87 of the International Labor Organization on the freedom of association and the Convention No. 98 on the rights of workers to organize and to negotiate. This fact suffices to define all actions envisioned and initiated by Michnik as perfectly legal, while the means used by the police and judiciary apparatus in Poland are in flagrant violation of international agreements.

IN GENERAL outline, Michnik's program resembles that of Lech Walesa. And it is because of a conference called by Walesa that Michnik is serving a three-year prison term. His crime consists in having discussed with his co-prisoners, Bodan Lis and Wladyslaw Fransyniuk, the possibility of proclaiming a general strike of 15 minutes. The strike never took place, but the very act of considering it was enough for the authorities to brand them as criminals.

Michnik is a political animal. Everything in him is action-oriented. It is possible that we owe his literary works to the months and years he spent in prison, for there he could not act other than by handling his pen. I confess that for me, deprived as I am of a political temperament, he is a strange phenomenon, precisely because of the combination of energy in motion, of moral purity and high intellectual qualities, a combination almost against the nature of public commitments. We are bound to each other, for he has dedicated penetrating studies to my poetry. Yet before his unbending will, which pushes him to pay with his own person every time he encounters injustice, I feel what probably was felt by an average Hindu confronted by the devotion of Gandhi: admiration mixed with incredulity and hope.

What is, then, the efficacy of nonviolence elevated to the level of principle, and applied to the conditions of our contemporary life? Terrorism seems to correspond to a nihilistic vision in which the only thing that counts is naked force. The terrorism of revolutionaries and the terrorism of the state seem to be two faces of the same coin. Purely peaceful movements—the Prague Spring of 1968 and Solidarity of 1980-81—have been smashed, and the possibility of a dialogue between the population and the government, always advocated by Lech Walesa and Adam Michnik, encounters a cynical refusal on the part of those who found their authority on force. What is, then, the use of nonviolence, and what would Mahatma Gandhi have to say on that topic if he were still alive?

It seems to me that habitual notions of links between causes and effects enclose us in simplistic, mechanistic, and desperate dilemmas. The history of the century provides us with a number of proofs to vindicate the role of actions that appear insignificant and likely to fail, yet are potentially fecund. Sometimes we have had the opportunity to marvel at the sight of a huge tree whose growth, from its original form of a little seed, we would never have guessed. Michnik's writings are important to the intellectual history of Poland, and mark a decisive change of mentality. They are also of great importance for Polish poetry—one more reason why I should stress their value. Of course it is perfectly possible to say that changes in orientation among intellectuals are without significance, that literature doesn't weigh much when confronted with armored cars. This is precisely what the government of Warsaw does. And it is also possible, as the government's spokesman did, to reject the appeal addressed to General Jaruzelski by 30 Nobel Laureates, who called for the liberation of Michnik and his colleagues. Yet the scorn one manifests toward international opinion proves sometimes to be quite costly, as the history of the century demonstrates. It opens the chasm of iniquity that threatens to swallow men driven by hubris.

By his actions, always nonviolent, Michnik established the unity of his premises and his conclusions. I would draw your attention to a hypothesis: capable of seeing greatness in the past in people like Gandhi, we may fail to see what takes place in the present. If this hypothesis is correct, Michnik is one of those who bring honor to the last two decades of the 20th century, even if a film on his life will not be produced soon.

POPULIST CHIC

The Reagan Detour
by Richard Reeves

(Simon and Schuster, 141 pp., $14.95)

By now the Democrats know that it was more than Reagan's throaty voice and cheery disposition that twice sent them reeling. But they still haven't figured out exactly what it was. Pundits have analyzed election returns and pondered voter moods. Some have no doubt examined the entrails of sheep. But like economists, they could all be laid end to end without reaching a conclusion.

It has become a cliché to say that the Republicans won the White House because they have new ideas. Richard Reeves, an exceedingly sensible and thoughtful observer, approvingly quotes an unnamed Democratic "thinker" who declares that the Republicans scored "a triumph of ideas, an intellectual victory." Yet on closer inspection it is not so easy to tell exactly what those ideas consist of. According to Reeves's short but provocative analysis of Reagan's impact on the Democrats, the Republicans articulated a new brand of populism. The old populism enlisted the aid of the government to tame the big guys who were beating up on the little guys. The Reagan brand of populism turns this upside down by making the government itself, rather than the big guy, the villain. When Reagan declares that "government is the problem," he is merely echoing the politicians observed by Tocqueville in 1830 who won control of government by attacking it. "It was by promising to weaken it," Tocqueville wrote, "that one won the right to control it."

Now, the notion that the government is the enemy is certainly *an* idea, and in

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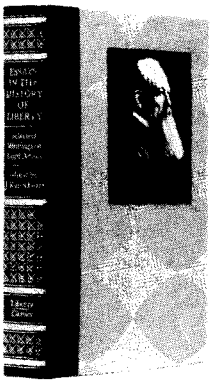
most societies of this world a perfectly reasonable one. But one of the happily novel things about the United States is that it is the government, at least the government for the past 50-odd years, that has helped mitigate the immense power wielded by the privileged classes. To restore power to that class is also an idea, though not a particularly original one; and it is not, I suspect, the reason for Reagan's great popularity among those who suffer from this transfer. It seems to me that Reagan has been successful not because he has sold this idea to the traditional have-nots, but rather because he has concealed it. In other words, it is not his idea that has triumphed, but the dazzling package in which it lies hidden. As David Stockman blurted out early in the first term, Reagan's tax bill was for hogs feeding at the trough.

Reeves, like all good liberals, deplores the Reaganite notion that the best way to increase investment is by providing the rich with more money and reducing the bargaining power of the poor. But Reagan was able to get away with it, he concludes, because the Democrats who went along like bleating sheep "did not have alternative ideas and programs." This naturally leads to the conclusion that the Democrats can win back the public's heart if only they come up with a few great ideas. Well, Gary Hart talked about ideas, and that was the end of him. Reeves quite rightly observes that Hart was better at defining problems than solutions, and "was offering not much more than the idea that he was open to new ideas." But that wasn't so bad. It was as much as candidates John F. Kennedy or Franklin D. Roosevelt ever did. Hart's problem was that he felt he had to provide a solution. Naturally he didn't have any.

Still, what the public held against Hart was not his lack of solutions, but his lack of authenticity. Hart seemed a bit synthetic, which had nothing to do with his various changes, but with his Man Who Fell to Earth quality. Reagan, whatever you thought of him, was for real. Also, virtually every American considers himself to be middle-class; we think we can make it if we try hard enough. "To an American, projecting faith in the future is a patriotic act," Reeves points out. Reagan's "springtime in America" brilliantly played on this.

But is that an idea or a technique? There aren't, after all, many successful ideas in politics. There are attractive candidates who inspire hope, like Roosevelt, Kennedy, and Reagan, and win the benefit of the doubt. There are programs that seem to work, like the New Deal and Reagan's military Keynesianism. But it would be stretching things to argue that Reagan's electoral victories represent a triumph of conservative ideology. The voters, after all, have consistently confronted him with a Democratic House. The New Deal is an accomplished fact, and not even Reagan would demolish it. The government's share of our gross national income runs between a fifth and a quarter; the only debate is about the margins and the methods of taxation. While the voters rewarded Reagan in 1984, they also made it clear that they would not allow him to push beyond a national consensus that is now fairly well established.



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Though the candidates trumpeted the 1984 campaign as an ideological struggle, it was little more than a contest of personalities and a referendum on Reagan's leadership. The candidates exchanged roles. Mondale argued for more missiles and defended the Grenada adventure. Reagan pledged his heart to arms control. People had money in their pockets and rejected the Democrats' whining and scare tactics. The Reagan years, as Reeves observes,

> represented not so much a triumph of conservatism, new or old, or of the Republican Party, as they did a period of political redefinition establishing the assumptions and presumptions of post-industrial, post-New Deal, post-old liberal American politics. Ronald Reagan might one day be judged as a successful president and failed ideologue.

Reagan succeeded because he seized the middle ground. And he did this because the voters did not take his ideology seriously. What's more, they elected a Democratic House to ensure that there would be no sharp swing to the right. The fatal error of the Democrats—beginning with their acquiescence to his 1981 tax bill—was to allow him to redefine the center. Instead of offering an alternative, they simply joined him. In fact, it is moderate Senate Republicans like Robert Dole, rather than the Democrats, who seem to have a responsible response to Reaganite profligacy. The Democrats have managed to make themselves irrelevant. Not only do they stand for nothing, but they have failed to understand and benefit from the failures of Reagan's policies.

TO BE A Democrat today is rather like being a Republican during Franklin Roosevelt's heyday. The advantage the Democrats have, however, is that Reagan won't be running next time, and the message he has sold is one that most Democrats should not have trouble adapting to their own purposes. There already is a centrist consensus: the military should be big and tough, but not obscenely greedy; the government has an obligation to protect the weak and unfortunate without destroying initiative; we are entering a new age of social and economic challenges from abroad to which neither party has yet come up with any answers. What can the Democrats do? Some think the answer is "me too," and see their best bet as Reaganism with a slightly different spin. They would cut loose from "old constituencies" like trade unions and needy urban minorities—though all the while, of course, depending on their votes. This was the 1984 Hart campaign, where, in Reeves's words, "rhetoric was the last refuge of neoliberalism." Others, like the left-wing neopopulists emerging from the prairies, would cut loose from slick neoliberal "pragmatism" and find a new base for the party in fighting entrenched interest groups. Populist Democrats can appeal to "anti-Establishment malcontents" who have "an underlying anger at injustice," says Texas agriculture commissioner Jim Hightower.

REEVES, who believes that the Democrats have to come up with some "new ideas" if they are to have a prayer of regaining the White House, sees three areas of opportunity. First, they should seize upon the central weakness of Reaganism—its unfairness toward the weak—by focusing on the question of Who Pays. They should revive the populist formula of the little guys against the big guys and show why only the government can stop the fat cats from running the country to their own advantage. "A little class warfare—called 'Populism' of course—wouldn't hurt the Democrats," he counsels.

Second, they should tackle the problem of the decline of America's industrial competitiveness. As the effects of this decline spread, and as our living standard falls, the public will demand that the government "do something." What do the Democrats propose to do? Put up more tariff walls for dying industries? Here the need for originality is the most urgent and the Democrats' opportunity is the greatest. Here, too, there has been some action around the edges—particularly among the neoliberals—but the Democrats are a long way from a coherent strategy, or even from conveying a clear sense that they know what the already mounting economic crisis is about.

Third, the foreign policy conundrum. How does the United States get along in the world when it can't run it anymore? How do we protect our interests? Do we even know what our real interests are? We recognize that in the international economy it's a whole different ball game than it was ten or 20 years ago. Funny little countries to which we used to send Care packages have become fierce economic competitors. How about the big board of diplomacy? Is our single-minded preoccupation with the *mano a mano* contest with the Soviet Union blinding our ability to recognize and defend our interests elsewhere? Are we, like some obsessed Nautilus lifter, getting so weighted down with muscle that we are unable to move?

Here Reeves raises some important questions, whatever conclusion one may finally reach. We have focused almost entirely on the issue of winning big wars without having any coherent strategy for fighting the kind of conflicts in which we do get engaged: small wars. Our interventions in other countries' civil wars, for the most part, have been fiascoes, humiliating to us and ineffective in protecting our interests. How would the Democrats do it differently? When, where, and how should the United States use military force? Why? This administration doesn't know, nor did its predecessors. Here is an opportunity for the Democrats, in their enforced leisure, to figure out something better.

REEVES offers no solutions, but he does have a few suggestions. To his mind there is "something to be said for aspects of isolation in American politics." It is an American instinct with deep roots and a continuing resonance. After having meddled everywhere for the past 40 years, it might not be a bad idea to keep some distance from situations we do not comprehend and for which we have no answers. Consider, for example, Shiite Moslems. Reeves quotes approvingly William Pfaff's observation that by the end of the 1984 campaign neither candidate "seemed prepared to accept the possibility that a sparrow might somewhere, sometime fall to the ground without this prompting an intervention by the U.S. embassy."

The public is not isolationist, but neither is it interventionist. It remains what the public opinion analyst William Schneider, in an enlightening recent study, calls "noninternationalist." It supports the use of American troops abroad only in two cases: a Soviet invasion of Western Europe or of Japan. It is overwhelmingly (by 79 to 18 percent) against sending American troops to El Salvador to prevent communists from coming to power. It believes, by 67 to 24 percent, that the United States and the Soviet Union both have so much nuclear strength it does not matter which

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has more. It feels strong antipathy toward the Kremlin, but supports arms control accords. And it has now clearly signaled the administration that the military buildup has gone far enough, and that it will not support militant anti-communism and interventionism.

Since 1947 pollsters have asked the question: "Do you think it will be best for the future of the country if we take an active part in world affairs?" Positive responses peaked in 1955 at 72 percent. Since then support has dropped steadily to 54 percent in 1982. That same year fully 35 percent thought it best if the United States stayed out of world affairs. Here is something that foreign policy elites, and particularly Democrats, should listen to. The public supports military strength, not for the Reaganite reason that it makes intervention possible, but because it makes it unnecessary.

Throughout the postwar period the Democratic Party has been interventionist. But Democrats cannot beat Reagan at that game. Nor by trying to do so can they offer voters an alternative to a policy about which the public is apprehensive. Strength is a component of security, not the definition of it. The Democrats could do themselves, and the country, a favor by trying to understand the difference. They might even find that they have gained an audience among millions of people to whom today they seem merely quarrelsome, irresponsible, and intellectually exhausted.

More important things than the fate of the Democratic Party lie in the balance. Without some serious reevaluations of how we protect our interests, pay our bills, and provide for a just and cohesive society, "morning in America" could turn all too suddenly into twilight.

RONALD STEEL

UNTAMED WILDER

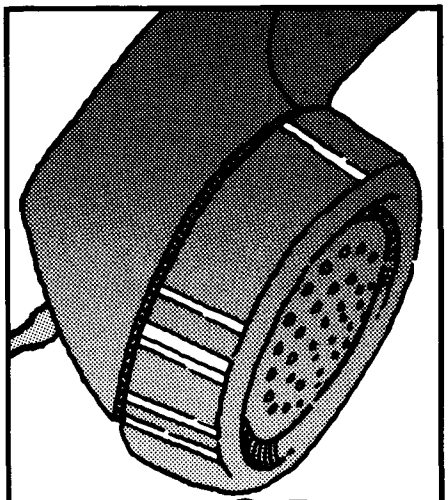
The Journals of Thornton Wilder, 1939-1961 selected and edited by Donald Gallup

(Yale University Press, 354 pp., $25)

Ten years after his death, Thornton Wilder occupies an equivocal place in American letters. He is still, to borrow the elder Henry James's description of Emerson, "a man without a handle"—playwright, novelist, teacher, lecturer, moralist, worldling—a celebrity of sorts yet somehow peripheral and remote. Donald Gallup's illuminating selections from the journals Wilder kept between 1939 and 1961 may make him seem less so. They disclose what Isabel Wilder calls in her brief foreword "a very private side" of her gifted brother. They also show a bold, restless, troubled intelligence, often at odds with the cultural consensus and with himself.

Here is the author in his literary workshop testing his hunches and discoveries, groping for vagrant thoughts, struggling "to surprise" out of himself definitions of feelings "insufficiently supported and surrounded." The journal entries, he reminds himself, are "not a collection of digested finalities." Their purpose is to stimulate "idea-manufacture," to sustain "the momentum of idea-production." But they are something more: a deposit for "mistaken departures" (botched plays and operas, aborted fancies that filled his "groaning wastebasket") and a pulpit for self-exhortation. Why is it that he can't stick to his own writing? Why does he squander his days—to be sure, very enjoyable ones—dating the plays of Lope de Vega or uncovering the layered complexities of *Finnegans Wake*? Such exercises he compares to "some will-undermining narcotic" that saps "not only all interest in any writing I might do myself, but the very springs from which come reflection, observation, and my very attention to the people and events around me."

It is precisely Wilder's grasshopperish habit of jumping from subject to subject, and his acute receptiveness to artistic and intellectual vibrations, that make him the ideal journal-keeper. His "roving digressions," his "circling around," are Montaigne-like in their



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diversity. The following topics of inquiry don't exhaust his range: the "mistakes" of the motion picture *The Grapes of Wrath*; utopias and panaceas; sentimentality and obscenity; women on the stage; religion and psychoanalysis; the reasons for Chinese politeness; novels and novelists; English 19th-century prose; Gide's journals; French amatory literature; Palestrina; Alexander Woollcott and epistolary art; an encounter with Gurdjieff; science fiction; Büchner's *Woyzeck*; Russian humor; Robert Frost's talk; Zen Buddhism; Beethoven's and Schubert's piano music; Chancellor Adenauer; the dream process in literature; Genet's works; Veblen's style.

Probably the largest section is devoted to plans or outlines for novels, lectures, operas, and plays, chiefly the last, which in themselves are excuses to indulge his far-flung speculations. Tart and audacious, they show little of the timidity, the want of intellectual passion and "manly candor" he professed to be ashamed of, and which he attributed to "my father's hand still on me—casting over my social relations not the pale cast of thought, but the pale cast of an inhibited deference to an unexamined undiscriminating 'niceness' toward every one." This "niceness" is conspicuously missing from his appraisals of "classical" American authors.

HAVING agreed to deliver the Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard (1950-51), to " 'rub my nose' in the American literature problem," Wilder began to read Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Whitman, Melville, and Emily Dickinson. Only three of the lectures were printed, and he never revised the series for publication, perhaps because he felt the "large subject" he had taken on was "insufficiently read, insufficiently meditated." Judging from the published versions, the lectures must have been genial performances. His journal notes on American writers are not. Filled with barbed inquiries, qualifications, resistances, they hint of reservations about a literature that for Wilder reflected the mental history of a society founded by repudiators of authority and forced to invent its own conception of "place, time, and destiny." Hence classical American literature was too impersonal and too abstract as well as pervaded by the feeling of "aloneness." Its "central figure" was "Everyman," its central objective the encompassing of the "Whole." In the older cultures Wilder knew best and cherished the most, "the Whole was already taken care of by dogmas, doctrine, and tradition" and artists were freer to concentrate on the kinds of fragmentary and genuinely human experience he seldom discovered in the works of the great American symbol-makers.

CONSIDER his comments on *Billy Budd*. Claggart's envy of Billy suggests to Wilder the Kierkegaardian notion of "demoniac dread aroused by the presence of the Good," and he draws a parallel between Claggart and Balzac's arch-criminal Vautrin. The novel, furthermore, is "filled with a sort of vibration of homosexual feeling and intimation." He finds "something uncomfortable about the extent to which feminine similes for Billy come to the writer's hand." Moreover, Melville's "infatuation" with his hero (he almost makes him "divine") robs "the story of its human poignance." And after savaging *Pierre* and *The Confidence-Man* and asserting that even *Moby-Dick* "came near to misfiring," he summarizes Melville as a writer who could "do great things" but who was at bottom "an extremely disordered man, living in an age and environment which offered him nothing he could understand except the vastness of its life-engagement—and that he misunderstood."

Nor do other American writers pass inspection. Emerson he simply dislikes. He finds him egocentric and passionless, and if, as the Emersonians claim, he knew pain and suffered, then he "*reached his resignation* too soon." Thoreau, "an odd awkward immature fellow," wrote "beautifully" (Wilder savored the latinity of his prose), but the "eternal idiosyncratic exaggeration of his ideas and their remoteness from 'life' " prevented Wilder "from taking them very seriously." Hawthorne could have written *The Scarlet Letter*

> in secular terms (*Anna Karenina*) or in religious terms (Dostoievski); he thought he was writing it in religious terms, but his religious formation was without conviction or passion. He uses certain formulae as a vague background, as an enhancement of a sort of *faux-sublime*.

He was also "full of sententious remarks," most of them dubious or commonplace. Whitman was perpetually trying to escape from "the presumptuous assertion" of self-celebration and "constantly succeeding in saying one-a-million, one-all-of-us." He would have written better verse had he trusted more in the claims of art and not done "that *American* thing," to stake "*everything on ecstasy*." But for all "his childish side," he was the only Whitman we had, and it would be ridiculous to ask for another.

Poe fares better than all of the others. Attempting to explain his almost obsessive attraction, Wilder dwells on Poe's commitment to form as the salutary limitation for the artist, his requirement that the end of a work of art be prefigured in its beginning, his rejection of "spontaneous emotion." Poe's "voracious passion" for order, Wilder thinks, derives from the "appalling disorders of his own nature"; his "brisk adulation of nonentities," breaches of taste, and "mechanistic descriptions of creative act" from his need for money or "resort to stimulants." Sober Poe is controlled, objective. Poe drunk ("bad Poe") is "bombast and bathos." All the same, in "confronting the most dangerous aspects and the boldest reaches of our speculations about the human situation," he doesn't cheat. Suffering fortified his mind, and he set down authentic experiences "without superimposing upon them the palliation and lie of allegory and moralizing."

THESE freewheeling and impulsive causerie weren't written for public eyes, nor should they be taken as Wilder's seasoned opinions or even first drafts. Often, as in his obiter dicta on Gide, Genet, Mauriac, and Henry James, they say as much about himself as they do about his subjects. His dislike of the "turbid" and the "prurient," for example, colors his view of Faulkner, whose *Light in August* "trembled with anticipated horror and ecstasy toward the castration of a Negro," and whose "notable work," *Absalom, Absalom!*, he likened to "the fall of the House of Atreus told by a voice that was feverish and shrill, scandal-mongering-nosey, and a little prurient." Sex, Wilder thought, sparked Faulkner's most agitated grandiloquence. Sex also quickened "prurience"—namely "trembling excitement"—in Henry James (about whom Wilder writes at greater length and with more insight), although in James's case, curiously enough, the obsession was "least striking . . . in situa-

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tions where other writers would mark it."

Wilder may have shrunk from the human mire as he conceived it (his bluff manner belied a fastidious temperament) but not from the Dark Forces that beleaguered him. Entry after entry finds him meditating on individual and collective crime—in which characteristically he implicates himself. His responsiveness to Dante, Dostoyevsky, Kafka, and Kierkegaard sprang in part from a sharp sense of his own imperfection, and there were moments when the misery of existence made him yearn for the Buddhist's "mighty flights into consolatory vacancy." We inhabit "a universe that does not know we are here."

Still, the evolutionary process—"all development is for survival"—encouraged the thought "that we may all be used by a life-force above and beyond the biological to serve as examples and trial flights of where human society may advance." He declared his two "compelling preoccupations" to be "man seen in all history; men seen as a force struggling out of the biologic undergrowth," and he was unfailingly moved by "the quiet absurd obstinate drive toward better things." In such moods he could pronounce *Gulliver's Travels* an "immense homage to man," not an indictment of "man's unalterable disharmony" but rather of "the failure of man to take advantage of his possibilities of good."

What prompted this desperate optimism the journals don't reveal, but they do show him plumbing the books of his moral and intellectual guides for evidence to confirm it. Kafka, great writer though he was, overdid "the impotence, the despair." Cervantes and Goethe found a pathway to Kafka's Castle "in the work of art."

MANY of Wilder's ideas about literature and the arts came to him filtered through the minds of others and were quickly put to use. His literary sensibility and mastery of languages made him more alert than most of the lettered community to what was importable in foreign literatures, and more adept in domesticating and personalizing what he borrowed. Among other things, the journals register the behind-the-scenes commotion of that process and its effect on his mental life. They can read as a kind of fragmented autobiography of an artist constantly on the lookout for "subjects" which he hoped to make "so deep-digested and so all-permeating" that his audience would "see for the first time things that hitherto they had known without being aware that they knew them."

He never succeeded to his complete satisfaction. Still, the journals, whether he realized it or not, were a convincing answer to the Wilder who reproached himself for not acting upon his beliefs or speaking out forthrightly. "A thousand things would be righter in my life," he wrote in a 1954 entry, "if I *lived* my age and *lived* my mind." In this bold and diverting record of intellectual foraging and play, and of tearless self-examination, he managed to do both.

DANIEL AARON

Daniel Aaron, professor of English at Harvard University, is president of the Library of America and editor of *The Inman Diary* (Harvard University Press).

MANIA FOR AMERICA

Naomi
by Junichiro Tanizaki
translated by Anthony H. Chambers

(Knopf, 237 pp., $15.95)

Naomi, the first important book by Japan's greatest novelist, was written by Tanizaki in the 1920s. It is Tanizaki's "Daisy Miller"; like Henry James, Tanizaki created for his readers in a single blow the type of the modern young woman.

In later masterpieces such as *Some Prefer Nettles*, *The Makioka Sisters*, and his two best stories, "Shunkin" and "The Bridge of Dreams," Tanizaki resolutely turned his back on Westernization and became an eloquent champion of traditional Japanese culture. Indeed, he spent years translating *The Tale of Genji* into modern Japanese in order to make this fountainhead of traditional art accessible to his contemporaries. What makes *Naomi* of special interest is that it shows Tanizaki's mind before he embraced the past, but after he had already struck a critical stance toward his country's hasty, often shallow, usually painful, adoption of Western manners, mores, and fads. Here Westernization is presented quite literally as a craze, and the narrator, Joji, as a madman. Joji is too uneducated in Japanese values to be able to oppose them to such American innovations as social dancing, casual affairs, and rowdy, drunken evenings, but he clearly remains a victim of his own "marginality."

Like Prince Genji himself, who adopts Murasaki when she is still a little girl so that he can mold her into a proper wife, Joji moves Naomi, a 15-year-old teahouse hostess, into his house, and grooms her for marriage. He is already bitten, however, by the American bug; Naomi attracts him because her name sounds American, her skin is white, and her features suggest Mary Pickford's. She is even more rabid than he in her desire to be Westernized. She buys dresses, one after another, and sings "O dolce Napoli" while boating at Kamakura. She takes English and piano lessons. As Joji tells her, "I'm going to buy you a piano soon. You'll be such a lady, you won't even be ashamed to mix with Westerners."

Not content with looking like Pickford, Naomi moves her eyes like Pina Menicheli and does her hair like Geraldine Ferraro. Her piles and piles of clothes, which she never washes or picks up, soon fill the artist's studio, where they live in bohemian squalor: "The atelier was just like a property room at the theater. . . ." When she visits a real theater, her appearance is so striking people flatteringly speculate she may be an actress—or even a "Eurasian." Throughout this book the admiration of white skin, and the shame about "muddy" Japanese complexions, recalls the same values—expressed, but also reversed—in "In Praise of Shadows," Tanizaki's essay on Japanese aesthetics, a curious tract that begins with an examination of the differences between Western and Japanese toilets.

The indulgent Joji bathes Naomi in a

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Western-style bathtub he has bought specially for her. His ministrations lead at last to their becoming lovers. She makes no progress with her English, but when Joji visits the teacher, Miss Harrison, he's astonished to discover photos of Naomi tacked up around the lady's dressing-table mirror. She assures him that Naomi is a brilliant student. He tells us, "Like most Japanese, I tended to feel helpless when I came into contact with Westerners and lost the courage to state my opinions directly."

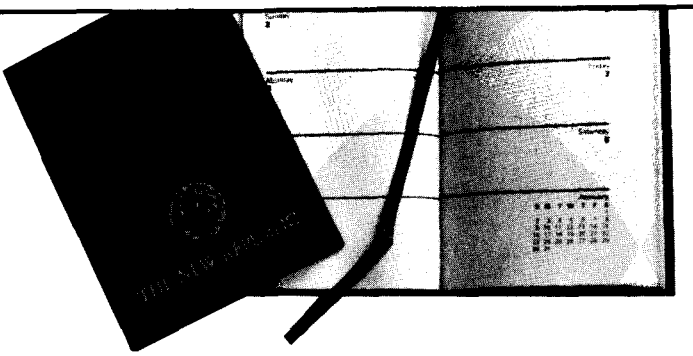
Such helplessness increases when Naomi and he study ballroom dancing, and poor awkward Joji must partner the teacher, Madame Shlemskaya, a huge, perfumed, perspiring Russian countess who beats time with a riding crop. Even the cheeky Naomi loses courage when introduced to the countess. "Nevertheless," Joji hastens to add,

> it was a pleasure—no, an honor—to come into such close contact with a Western lady. The truth is that I was so disgusted with my own awkwardness and ineptitude for languages that I'd given up all hope of ever actually meeting such a person. Instead, I'd gone to see Western opera companies and studied movie actresses' faces, cherishing their beauty as though I were seeing it in a dream.

Everything about the countess thrills and intimidates him, including her "alluring" body odor ("I'm told that Westerners do have strong body odor, and no doubt it was true of the countess").

The dance classes lead to dangerous experiments in social dancing in nightclubs, where Naomi falls in with a fast crowd and becomes increasingly coarse. At the club she dances with a stranger, a powdered and perfumed lady-killing Westerner. ("Westerners are so pushy," she complains to excuse her accepting his invitation.) In a strange twist on the Westernization of Japan, she requests her favorite pop tune—"Madame Butterfly."

Joji suspects she is deceiving him. She tries to pacify him: "I've never forgotten the debt I owe you for raising me," she tells him; "I think of you as both father and husband" (a less dubious compliment in paternalistic Japan; he often calls her "Baby" and she calls him "Papa"). Joji is lured into socializing with her fast friends—until he learns she's insisted on vacationing in Kamakura in order to be closer to her lover. Finally he recognizes he is partly to blame for her bad behavior:



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Naomi shares the blame, but it's partly my fault. The usual notion of "husband and wife" had no appeal for me, and I wanted to avoid the ordinary "husband-and-wife" way of life as much as possible. That was a terrible mistake, and I'll correct it now.

Tanizaki adumbrates many of his later preoccupations in this early novel. Joji dotes on his wife and constantly photographs her, recording all of her crazy costumes, her moods, even her physical maturing; these pictures foreshadow the ghastly pornographic photos an old man takes of his drugged wife (with the full complicity of his family) in *Diary of a Mad Old Man*. Similarly, the constant baths and towelings a slavish, excited Joji lavishes on Naomi resemble the foot fetishism and baths in *The Key*. Naomi herself is a first draft of the tragic KoiSan in *The Makioka Sisters*, a girl destroyed because she is caught between her highly traditional family, a merchant clan in decline, and her yearning to be free in what she fancies is the Western fashion.

Naomi is not only weaker than these works technically, but it also lacks Tanizaki's later ideological strength as a defender of conservative values. As the brief introduction by the translator, Anthony H. Chambers, tells us:

> The earthquake that devastated Tokyo and Yokohama in 1923 was a dramatic turning point in Tanizaki Junichiro's career. For almost a year, he had been living a fast life on the Bluff, the home of most of the Westerners who gave Yokohama its cosmopolitan reputation. The earthquake forced him to evacuate to Osaka, where he settled down to wait for Tokyo and Yokohama to rebuild; but, unlike most of the other refugees, he stayed on in western Japan. Though he visited Tokyo from time to time, he would never again live there.

The first fruit of this move was *Naomi*. It is, quite obviously, an expression of discontent, but its irony and satire conceal confusion. It is a novel by a moralist who has not yet worked out his morality.

Since it is also a novel by Tanizaki, however, its eroticism is chillingly precise and delicate. Toward the end of the book, Joji tells us a woman is most beautiful not immediately after her bath but 15 minutes later. As he observes of Naomi: "Her delicate skin, though still moist, was a pure, vivid white, and around her breast, hidden under the collar of her kimono, was a shadow like lavender watercolors. Her face was glossy, as though a membrane of gelatin had been stretched across it. Only her eyebrows were still wet. Above them, on her forehead, the cloudless winter sky was reflected in pale blue through the window." Of such obsessions Tanizaki's great art would be made.

EDMUND WHITE

Edmund White's novel *Caracole* was recently published by Dutton.

NEWTON WONDERS

Cambridge, England

Bigger than two-fisted hearts,
apples knock their bright heads together
in display, greener than envy,

than vestments of hope, or Venus, named for love.
Blushing, they hold firm a law
over bodies in motion: that a body rests

or moves forever in a straight line
unless acted upon. Around the corner
of Adam and Eve Street, the single block

of Paradise issues with no outlet;
across town no Newton Wonders drop, fresh
as fallen angels at the feet of his statue.

There in the unrefracted Protestant light
of his college chapel, he suffers
neither the slights of incurious stares

nor the rain of dust rinsing his marbled wig
darker, younger than the hour after 1665—
merciless as the disturbance he has yet to prove

wafts its sound around obstacles,
or waves of light flushing the region of shade,
the Great Plague will fell a hundred thousand.

Schools emptied, an average scholar sent home
roughs his thinking outside: codling-moth larva
feeding at the apple's heart, on the first law

the second hosts, the one about force.

DEBORA GREGER

BRIEF REVIEW

Love Life
by James D. Houston

(Knopf, 260 pp., $15.95)

Thirty-two-year-old Holly Doyle—country-music dabbler, ex-Berkeley hippie, mother of two, wife of nearly a decade—finds "long currents of cold electricity" jangling her veins one day, "electrified ants crawling" through her hair. The lyrics from her own song about a cheatin' man, "Love Life," have hit home, unearthing all sorts of buried questions about the meaning and direction of her life.

The plot, to be sure, has its share of clichés, the characters their occasional platitudes. On the day of high confrontation when the affair is unequivocally exposed, offending husband Grover gushes that his 20-year-old lover "has taught me a lot"—among other things that "I love you and the kids more than ever." Holly nonetheless retaliates, taking off to New York from their San Francisco home to look up an old lover whom she abandoned for the sake of her marriage several years back. When she returns after half a day, a nasty storm throws her and Grover into forced isolation, along with Grover's mother and the kids.

The pat story line is salvaged, however, by Holly's first-person narrative. A spirited, sturdy, intuitive woman, she turns to wide-ranging introspection as she recounts this "Unidentified Flying Object stage, when obstacles seemed to appear from every direction

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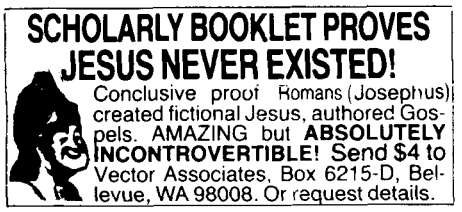
. . . day or night to land between us, each one a meteorite thrown in our midst from somewhere in outer space." She expounds on everything from the mystical to the mundane—and often the two are not so far apart. Here's Holly on the definitiveness of motherhood: "On the day Buddy was conceived it was the tiniest of voices, a whisper saying this will relieve you of having to make up your mind about what you say you want to do and who you say you want to be and how to proceed." Holly finds similar reassurance in the "daily network," buoyed by the thought that "even though your personal life may be in shreds and tatters, somewhere in the world someone is minding the store." One may not rush to embrace each and every theory (for instance, that country music is our New Mythology), but she expresses her worldview with such force and wit that it's hard to resist being taken in.

James Houston's foray into the female psyche is entirely convincing to this reviewer (a woman), who bristled only once (Holly swallows whole her mother-in-law's proclamation that "[women] are always blaming men for certain things that have happened or failed to happen"). Most of the time Holly is more engagingly quirky, and that is hardly the product of a male writer's failure to probe the female mind; it's simply part of the limber character of this woman whose love-life jolt eventually reaffirms her "love of life itself."

JAMIE BAYLIS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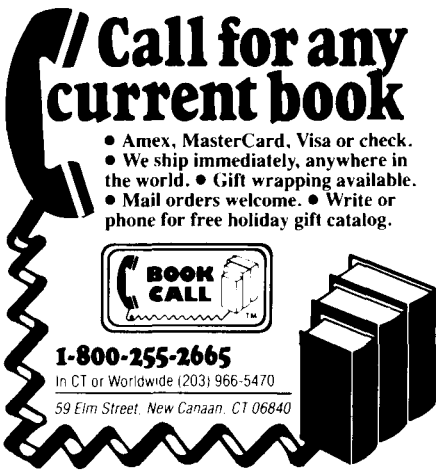
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Christie's and Sotheby's meddle with the art market.

BEAUTY ON THE BLOCK

BY EUGENE VICTOR THAW

CHRISTIE'S, the venerable auction house, lied about how many paintings it sold at an auction in 1981. That revelation, along with other iniquities in the auction business, was extensively documented in both the New York and London press this summer, as the workings of the art market were subjected to unusual scrutiny. Christie's troubles were quickly pinned in part to its intense rivalry with Sotheby's for consignments. But they are symptomatic of more than jousting within the art market itself. The effort to make the art market appear stronger than it is reflects, rather, an institutionally entrenched interest in a mythical elevation of its status.

The idea of art as an investment caught on with gusto in the late 1970s. It was only to be expected in a period of high inflation, a declining dollar, and a flat market for equities that works of art and antiques, fetching higher and higher prices in publicized auction sales, should have begun to look like financial instruments. One can forgive the desire to preserve capital from erosion. Harder to forgive, however, is the frame of mind that encouraged the entry into the language of such words as "tangibles" and "collectibles." And as Christie's has discovered, it is bad not just for art, but for business too, to conceive of art so remorselessly as a market that obeys economic laws, when in fact it is under the sway of more diverse cultural and social influences.

The economy itself helps confirm the point. Now that inflation no longer seems the principal threat to the economy, some of the art-as-investment rage of six or seven years ago has died down. Yet the art market is more buoyant than ever, proving that inflation was not its only driving force. During the last severe recession, the dips and declines in the art market were modest, supporting the claim that art, which goes up like everything else in good times, goes down less than everything else in bad times.

Why, in fact, do people buy art now? The social upswing that an art collection used to ensure is no longer an important factor. There are simply too many collections—too much art around—for anything less than Rembrandts or Van

"NOT TO BE UPSTAGED by the Catholic bishops, the nation's Episcopalians have chosen a new presiding bishop, Edmond Lee Browning, who opposes hunger, unemployment, racism, and the arms race. He uses words like "openness," "diversity," "commitment," "involved," and "lifestyle." While they were at it, the Episcopalians edited the Nicene Creed, omitting the affirmation that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Son as well as from the Father. If you ask us, they shouldn't be meddling in theology."

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Goghs to provoke museum courtship and trusteeship. To be sure, the notion of art as sheerly an investment, while weak, is not dead, and I suspect even the most devoted art lover pauses to consider the prudence of the act before spending a large sum for a work of art. But is it possible that today's collectors are buying not only to impress their friends, or to resell at a profit, or to advance in the community, but because they truly "like" the art they are buying, and can afford to possess it?

If that is the case, and I think that on the whole it is, then Sotheby's and Christie's do not need to protect markets by elaborate strategies (like lying about prices), and they do not need to concoct artificial categories of "collectibles" like sales of "Islamic Interest" or a Latin American department. Such calculated manipulation of the art market is bound, rather, to cause pain sooner or later, as shifts in fashion, politics, or currency create instant depressions in one field or another.

In the heady days of the mid to late 1970s, the big investment banks and brokerage houses offered their services to the millionaire who wanted to be artistically au courant. The publicity over the current mess in the auction houses reminds me of all those glowing stories about Citibank, Merrill Lynch, and U.S. Trust Company, which claimed to have "in house" capabilities to purchase art for the investment portfolios of wealthy clients. Where are they now, I wonder? What have they bought? Who has actually gone to a bank to buy art? If these firms really managed to advise any collectors, which I doubt, did they recommend converting Cézannes into Tissots or into Bouguereaus? One can imagine absurd and funny scenarios for trading in art through one's banker or broker. Indexes of the financial value of "tangible assets" are published annually, but of course they're quite meaningless as mathematical data. An IBM stock certificate may vary in value, but one is exactly like another; no two Renoirs are the same, nor two Ming blue and white pots, nor even two etchings of the same state, since condition is very significant. Thus, unless the same work of art is repeatedly sold, an index of art value is worthless. Some years bring masterworks to the market, some years only mediocrities. All one can really affirm is an educated general assessment of relative art values based on an experienced overview of the market.

Still, in all fairness, I believe that Merrill Lynch never got started, and I assume that Citibank and U.S. Trust finally settled into the correct fiduciary role of helping with financial advice to its clients on matters like estate planning, taxes, and so on, which, of course, would include art holdings. This is what sophisticated banks do for their affluent clients anyway. Citibank, however, in the wild days of 1979 and the collectible mania, widely advertised its link with Sotheby's, offering a connection riddled with conflicts of interest that many pointed out at that time. Sotheby's claimed that its recommendations for purchase to Citibank would come from canvassing the whole art market, not just its own auctions. As a veteran of almost four decades in the art business, with some reputation and a wide acquaintanceship, I can testify that, in the years since announcing the service, Sotheby's has not once inquired of me or any of my colleagues for paintings on behalf of a Citibank collector-investor.

HISTORICALLY it has never been the role of auction houses, nor should it be now, to influence taste, or to support particular markets. Auctioneers should disperse goods to the highest bidders in accord with the conditions that prevail at the time. It is a commendable effort, but misconceived, even to try to guarantee authenticity in the few areas in which auction houses do. That is not their business. They are only agents for sellers; and they would do very nicely on the profit line if they went back to the simple tasks they were designed to perform, and dropped the hype and the theatrics in which they have become entangled.

Changes of taste occur all the time, obviously, and markets for various kinds of artwork rise and fall according to no rules that have yet been discerned. I submit that the phenomenon is caused by collectors themselves, following some mysterious spirit of the times that not everyone can sense. And they attract, in turn, a supporting supply-train of critics, curators, dealers, art historians, and auctioneers.

In the case of contemporary art, it is the grapevine gossip of the artists themselves that most often provides the clue to new waves of invention and fashion. The whole process of tracking what one author called "The Economics of Taste"

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is a frustrating, and finally an unrewarding, endeavor. What does it mean to say that during the last five years artists like Tissot or the English Victorians have risen in value more than Monet and Cézanne? Should one, then, have bought their paintings? Is it understandable that an American cowboy on horseback by Remington should cost more than an Arab on horseback by Delacroix? What is probably true about such "apples and oranges" comparisons is that Monet, Cézanne, and Delacroix are not investments, but something much more primary. The proof is that if even two collectors each of Tissot, the English Victorians, or Western Americans decide to unload, a market decline, gentle or severe, would loom. But the "hottest" of all art market commodities today, as always in the past, are the big names of contemporary art. Common sense must warn us, therefore, that soon others will become the big names, with only a small fraction of today's high-fliers surviving at all, and only a fraction of that fraction surviving with increased value.

THE SITUATION today and in fact for the last few years, as inflation abated, is one of extreme selectivity. There will always be very wealthy individuals who either crave to own art or who think they ought to. Many are smart enough to find the best advice, and the now routine occurrence in auction rooms of 30, 40, and 50 percent of unsold lots is a direct consequence of a more sophisticated audience that often knows exactly what it wants, and is prepared to pay extravagantly for the right object or nothing at all for the second-rate. It is this selectivity that forced Christie's to panic when only one of eight paintings found a buyer in a major auction. A market that distinguishes the very best from the average is a healthy one, free of that investment fever that swept all works of art before it, into bank vaults or into the hands of syndicates of proctologists in Westchester. Of course the auctioneers preferred it the other way, and are still promoting the "collectible-tangible" line. In a mighty effort to persuade buyers to acquire what they are unsure of wanting or cannot afford, Sotheby's has set up a finance company offering bank loans guaranteed by its own credit lines for clients it finds worthy or gullible. So far, not enough has happened to report results. The Florence Gould sale was the first episode of this new story; but the very notion of auction galleries expanding into banking services, and of mortgages on works of art, is a return to the mind-set of 1979 and the treatment of art as a financial instrument. At that time Robert Hughes complained: "It may well be that my generation—the people born between 1935 and 1940—will be the last to remember what a truly disinterested museum visit was like. Quite simply, it is now difficult and, for most people, impossible to walk into a gallery and look at a work of art without its 'value'—which means simply price, real or hypothetical—intruding on their reflections." It hasn't quite turned out that badly.

Sotheby's and Christie's are now engaged in a massive "damage control" effort to frustrate the New York City commissioner of consumer affairs, who, quite rightly, wants to eliminate some of the charades that are regularly played out in the auction rooms under the system of secret reserves. There has been much criticism of the practice of taking bids off the wall and the chandeliers with no one, not even professionals, able to tell whether a lot is or is not sold when the hammer comes down. Sotheby's is threatening to take sales away from New York rather than change its practices, while Christie's has hired Cyrus Vance, former secretary of state, to advise on future conduct. Christie's latest mailing to its clients contains a statement from Christopher Burge, new president of Christie's in America, to the effect that art is not investment; one courts financial disaster to look upon it as such. Clients should carefully collect but not speculate, a chastened Christie's now advises.

Experience finally teaches that true art collectors are born, not made, and there are already more of them than there is art of high quality to go around. That is why there is an art market, and there always has been since Roman times at least. It really doesn't need to be prodded and bullied and cajoled by bankers, brokers, financial analysts, and their misguided minions in the auction houses. With luck, our benighted culture, which turns every value into cash, is changing, and a time may come when, astronomical prices notwithstanding, we can again behold and enjoy the great human artifacts merely for their beauty and their meaning. □

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

The Other Foot

SOME LIBERALS in Washington have discovered a new marketing strategy: packaging liberal goals in conservative wrappings. Some examples. Don't want the Supreme Court to reverse its 1973 *Roe v. Wade* decision that allows abortions nationwide? Well, just trot out the old conservative rationale about the sanctity of precedent. Afraid the court might outlaw partisan gerrymandering that puts an extra 15 or 20 liberal Democrats in the House of Representatives and keeps it out of conservative Republican hands? The appropriate conservative argument used here by liberals is judicial restraint: the political thicket is out of bounds for judges. Wary of a federal crackdown on homosexual bathhouses to stop the spread of AIDS? Liberals have echoed the hoary conservative plea for federalism on this issue, saying local officials can best decide what to do about bathhouses. One of the ablest practitioners of this new liberal tactic is Representative Bill Gray, the Democratic chairman of the House Budget Committee. Gray detests the Gramm-Rudman budget reduction scheme that would require a balanced budget by 1991. Why? There are grave constitutional questions, he says, in the measure's shift of power from Congress to the White House. Of course, it's mainly conservatives who've groused over the years about an overpowerful presidency. Gramm-Rudman, Gray goes on, is very ambiguous as to what areas are to be subject to spending cuts. Such lack of legislative precision has often been a conservative complaint. Finally, Gray says, the bill is so sweeping that Congress shouldn't consider it in haste. What Gray really has in mind is slowing Gramm-Rudman in hopes of derailing it altogether, which is the same thing conservatives sought in years past when they pleaded for prolonged deliberation over liberal legislation. Still, one shrewd fellow at the White House insists that liberals haven't fully realized yet that the shoe is on the other foot. "Liberal senators like Howard Metzenbaum are still trying to increase executive power, which means my power," the Reaganite says. "But you wait. If Republicans win the 1988 presidential election, it will dawn on liberals that Washington just doesn't belong to them anymore and that it makes no sense for them to keep heaping authority on conservative officials here. With liberal governors around, they'll become the biggest champions around of letting the states handle things." And who knows? Maybe the Tenth Amendment will bound to life again, this time as a staple of liberal rhetoric.

IN THE COMPETITION between Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski, I'd like to declare a new winner. Sure, Kissinger won the battle over who was the better national security adviser. Just check his press clippings, if you don't believe me. But Brzezinski has proved to be far superior to Kissinger as a former national security adviser. Once Brzezinski left the Carter White House, his head miraculously cleared, and he stopped talking about "global" this or that and muttering about the North-South dialogue. Now he makes notable sense on a lot of issues. The other day, Brzezinski offered up a quite practical strategy for President Reagan to follow at the November summit with Mikhail Gorbachev. First, Reagan might go after an interim arms agreement, one that, say, would reduce nuclear arsenals to 7,500 or so nuclear explosives. Then the president should push for the neutralization of Afghanistan, which would mean a Soviet troop withdrawal. For symmetry's sake, he could agree to a neutral Nicaragua (truly neutral, unlike now). What's Kissinger been up to? Not much. His biggest fling recently was to rant against the TV coverage of the Beirut hostage affair last summer. For all the faults of the networks, he managed to give press bashing, a highly honorable calling, a bad name. Brzezinski has his own theory about what makes Kissinger so strident. "I think," Brzezinski says, "it's his further evolution from a statesman into a guru." A roomful of reporters roared over that. Point, game, and match to Brzezinski.

ONE OF THE WORST weasel words to sneak into journalistic misuse is "activist." It tells you practically nothing about the person so designated. More often than not, "activist" is used as a euphemism for "left-wing." The *New York Times*, for example, heralded singer Joni Mitchell's new album by noting that she had returned to "the activist folk song tradition." This was not meant to indicate that she is giving more performances now or singing more energetically. It was meant to characterize her songs as highly political, which they are. "The dove's in the dungeon and hope is in the hands of snake-bite evangelists and racketeers and bigwig financiers," goes one song. In others, she conjures up a nuclear holocaust, denounces materialism, blames the famine in Ethiopia on "shortsighted greed," and has a "hawk-right militant" preacher calling for an invasion of Cuba. The tendency of journalists to substitute "activist" for "left-wing" hardly fools anyone, but does have the effect of confirming conservatives in their view that the press is stacked against them. What if a well-known pop star suddenly issued an album with songs about the joys of Star Wars, the evils of welfare dependency, and the depredations of the Soviet Union? Would anyone write that the singer had gone "activist"? Unlikely.

NOBODY EXPECT MARTYRS to be honored in their lifetime, but it's sad when they're ignored posthumously. The one I have in mind is Joseph (Jock) Yablonski, who ran for president of the United Mine Workers in 1969, only to be murdered, along with his wife and daughter, on orders from then-UMW chief Tony Boyle. The impact of Yablonski's rebellion is still being felt in the coal miners' union. His death prompted the Labor Department to seek a new election. The corrupt Boyle gang was booted out, and the reformers who had been led by Yablonski were swept in. They haven't run the union with the kind of vision and strong leadership that Yablonski would have provided, but they've muddled through honestly. Now, though, the UMW dishonors Yablonski through neglect. He's never mentioned in the union's journal, and the current leaders have made a concerted effort to avoid lionizing him. Considering that they'd be mining coal and not sitting in a safe, dry, aboveground office if Yablonski hadn't led the way, this is breathtaking ingratitude.

F.B.

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Silent partners in world health

Schistosomiasis affects as many as 200 million people in Africa, Asia, the Middle East, Puerto Rico and Latin America. It is often called "snail fever" because at one stage of their life cycle, *Schistosoma* worms infect snails that live on the bottom of rivers and streams. These parasites invade the skin of humans who drink, wash or swim in contaminated waters. They can cause severe itching, fever, diarrhea, and eventually irreversible damage to the liver. For 16 years, researchers visiting the island of St. Lucia in the Caribbean have been testing the practicality of various methods of control. Three approaches have proven to be most effective.

First, a public health team sprayed the rivers and streams of St. Lucia to get rid of infested snails. New plumbing facilities were constructed to assure a supply of uncontaminated water. Finally, treatment of people carrying the parasite was greatly facilitated by a drug developed and supplied by Pfizer. While previous treatments had to be given by injection, this drug was given orally only once, making it much simpler to reach a large number of people. The total control and elimination of the parasite is not yet a reality, but this combined medical and environmental program has done much to make life better for the people of the island.

Developing a drug such as this is a significant task that takes a decade or more and tens of millions of dollars. It generally involves the synthesis of hundreds of compounds in the organic chemistry laboratory. These compounds are then screened for antiparasitic activity. If one or more of them shows promise, the next step is to do toxicity studies and learn all about how the potential new drugs behave in laboratory animals. Only after completion of extensive, time-consuming animal studies can the drug be tested for safety and effectiveness in humans. And clinical trials in human patients can last for several years. If the clinical trials indicate that the drug should be made available, new technology must be developed to produce it on a mass basis, and in cases like this, with little if any profitability for the developer.

Drug research and development isn't always "good theater." And it's largely a team endeavor generally without charismatic heroes. The days of Paul Ehrlich and his "magic bullet" are long past. The work of the pharmaceutical industry isn't usually the stuff of TV documentaries. More often, the industry has been the silent partner of government agencies, physicians, nurses and their associates working together to improve public health in St. Lucia and other developing countries.

In the Third World, pharmaceuticals are perhaps even more important than in advanced industrial countries. Often they are the only form of advanced medical technology which is practicable. Other forms of care, such as surgery, are often too cumbersome and too demanding of scarce resources. Drugs, by comparison, are portable, relatively inexpensive and comparatively simple to use.

The vast majority of drugs for the Third World and also for developed countries originate in the pharmaceutical industry. The government agencies do not have the broad expertise or resources for drug development, and medical schools and universities have different missions. Only the major research/pharmaceutical companies have the necessary skills and resources. Most manufacturers of generic drugs lack the research capabilities to create new drugs and test them for safety and efficacy. And that's only one reason an economically viable research-based pharmaceutical industry is important to all of us.

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